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SHADOWS.

BY D. A.

When winter's shadows lie upon the world,
And winter's rain hath drowned all delight,
When midnight's dread, black banner is unfurled,
And every hope seems lost in hopeless night,
Then lo! across the hills there comes a gleam;
The gleam of spring-time coming once again;
The darkness that hath been proves but a dream,
And sunshine sparkles in the fallen rain.
The lonely heart looks up with hope renewed,
With clasped hands rejoicing in the sun,
And seeing the world once more with light bedewed,
Rejoices in the thought of sorrows done.
Yet in that heart the sadness leaves a pain,
As to the earth, winter must come again.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

MADGE lay awake that first night in the Great City which never sleeps. She felt terribly lonely and perfectly helpless. There seemed to be no air in the room, though it was not a bad size for a London lodging house; and the dull, incessant rattle of the night cabs and rumble of the market wagons beat upon her weary brain.

The house in which Silas had engaged rooms for them was in a little cul-de sac, called Harding street, leading out of Hart street.

It was, comparatively speaking, quiet—there were only about half-a-dozen houses in it—and it was perfectly respectable, though rather grimy and dingy. A doctor, with a small "beginning" practice, lived in one, and a dressmaker in another; the rest were lodging-houses, each displaying the familiar card with "Apartments" on it in the window.

Every house, Madge thought, must at least have owned two cats, judging by the number which prowled around, serenading and fighting.

She was awakened in the morning from a fitful slumber by the shrill cry of the milkman, and, drawing her blind a little aside, she looked through her window.

The room was at the back of the house, and overlooked a small yard belonging to it, and the yards and backs of other houses.

To her, accustomed to the sweet prettiness of the small garden and the ornate grandeur of the great Chesney gardens, the view looked squalid, and she was shrinking back appalled, when some objects in one of the yards caught and held her attention. These were great blocks of

MR. GERARD STARTED SLIGHTLY, AND LOOKED UP AT HER WITH SURPRISE.

stone or marble massed in Titanic confusion, as if some giant had grown weary of carrying them, and had thrown them down carelessly.

Just beyond the yard, and belonging to it, she saw a kind of workshop with a glass roof, and from the workshop came a peculiar sound.

She puzzled over it for some time, then solved the enigma. The workshop was a sculptor's studio, and the huge blocks of stone and marble were his rough material.

Adjoining the sculptor's yard was a horse-dealer's premises, with a short ride covered with tan. A couple of men were exercising some horses, and the sight of the animals was grateful to her, for it recalled the country in a vague way.

The prospect was very dismal, and as she looked, Madge wondered whether this could really be the marvellous city paved with gold, and inhabited by all that was bright and beautiful—the city she had read of in so many books.

She dressed quickly, and went down to the sitting-room.

The breakfast was being laid by a diminutive servant-girl, who looked as if she had been too suddenly aroused from sleep—as doubtless she had been—and who had three distinct smudges of soot on her rather pretty face.

"Good morning," said Madge, just as she would have spoken to one of her village school children. "Let me help you."

The girl cocked her head like a London sparrow, and glanced at her sideways, pausing with a cup and a saucer in her hand.

"'Elp me?" she said, with a beautiful cockney drawl. "Wot for? Lor bless you, miss, I don't want no 'elp."

"You are one of the maid-servants, I suppose?" said Madge, setting straight the breakfast things, which the girl had huddled together on the tray, that had once borne a lovely landscape in impossible colors, but of which only very vague traces remained.

"One of 'em!" said the girl with a grin. "I'm the only one, miss."

"The only one—for this big house!"

The girl grinned again, and dropped some knives and forks into their places with a clatter.

"Yes, miss, I'm the only one; and I does it all excepting the cooking—Mrs. Polson does that—and sometimes we has a charwoman in, mostly on Saturdays, just to clean up; not but what I could do it, for I'm as strong as a 'orse, as I often tells Mrs. Polson; but she will 'ave her."

Madge found it rather difficult to follow the girl, not only by reason of the misplaced "h's," but also because the sentences were spoken without any punctuation whatsoever.

"There must be a great deal for you to do," she said in her gentle voice. "Will you tell me your name?"

"'Tilda," said the girl pleasantly. "Sometimes I'm called 'Tilly, and sometimes, when Mrs. Polson's cross, it's Mertilda. I like 'Tilda best."

"Then I will call you 'Tilda," said Madge.

"And what's your name, miss?" asked 'Tilda.

Madge told her.

"Well, I like it," remarked 'Tilda after a moment of cautious reflection. "And you're real gentlefolks you and your grandfather, ain't you? Leastways I 'eard that gentleman, Mr. Fletcher, tell the missus so, and I see'd it was true the moment I clapped heyes on you. Lor' bless you, I can tell! There's a real gentleman lodges on the ground floer, though he is only a scalper."

"A what?" said Madge, looking round from her operation of coaxing the sullen fire into a blaze.

"A scalper—wot carves things in marble. His stoodio is just behind the 'ouse."

"Oh! a sculptor you mean," said Madge.

"Yes, I daresay that's it," assented 'Tilda with serene complacency. "Har you going to have white lump sugar or brown?"

"White—I don't know. Why do you ask?" said Madge.

"Oh, because there's three halfpence a pound difference," replied 'Tilda.

"Then we will have brown," said Madge.

'Tilda eyed her keenly.

"All right, miss," she said. "I allus asks that question, and then I knows whether the lodgers are flush or not."

"Are—are, what?" asked Madge, with a puzzled stare.

"Whether they're well off or not. If you're well off you turn up your nose at brown; nothing but white lump is good enough for you."

"I see," said Madge. "But we are not well off, 'Tilda; therefore, we'll have brown."

"All right, miss. I'll have the breakfast ready in another ten minutes or so. Shall I give your grandpa a call?"

"No, thank you," said Madge. She put the rest of the breakfast things into somelike order, then went to her grandfather's room. He did not answer her knock, and she entered softly.

The old man was sleeping as peacefully and soundly as an infant. She bent over him, and murmured a prayer, then went downstairs again.

'Tilda had brought up the breakfast. It consisted of a couple of eggs, two thin slices of bacon, and a couple of pieces of toast.

Madge set them down to the fire to keep warm, and presently Mr. Gordon came down.

It would have been evident to less lovingly acute eyes than Madge's that he had not yet recovered the shock of his sudden dismissal and removal from the Chase.

He took his morning kiss, and looked round the dingy room with the same apathy with which he had received Mr. Fletcher's notice, and sunk with a sigh into the chair Madge drew up to the table for him.

"Have you slept well, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," he said, pushing the white hair from his forehead. "Oh, yes. And so we are in London, Madge!" and he sighed.

"Yes, grandfather," she said as cheerfully as she could. "This is our first day. You must make a good breakfast, because we must go out presently and find the British Museum, where the great reading-room is, you know."

"I know where it is; I used to read there a great deal. But—but I've forgotten."

He nodded abstractedly and turned to the table. But she saw with dismay that he only made a pretence of eating, and that his hands trembled as they held the cup and broke the bread.

"We will go to the park before we find the reading-room, dear," she said. "I am afraid there will not be many flowers there now"—Poor Madge, she had no conception of a London park in winter!—"but there will be the trees and the shrubs, and Mr. Silas they are some of them very fine."

"Yes, yes," he said indifferently. "When is Silas coming again?"

"I don't know, grandfather. We must not expect him to come very often. He is a very busy man, you know, and cannot have much time to waste. He has been very kind already——"

"Yes," he said, with drooping head. "He has been a true friend, our only friend."

When they had breakfasted, Madge, with some difficulty, persuaded him to go out. The noise of the crowded streets confused her and distressed him, and she inquired her way to Hyde Park, and got there as soon as possible.

Although there was no fog, it was a moist, muggy day—who, that has once experienced it, will ever forget a November in London?—and by contrast with the bustling streets the park, with its great bare trees and emerald grass—the sooty atmosphere of a great city is good for grass, and London grows it far greener than it can be obtained in the country—seemed Paradise.

Mr. Gordon began to look about him after a while, and to examine the trees and shrubs, while Madge sat on one of the seats, and gave the reins to reverie.

Many of the passers-by looked at the graceful figure and lovely face, with its sad expression, and wondered who and what she was, and once a man, who wore the garb of a gentleman, approached her with an insidious smile; but as the clear, gray eyes were raised, he shrank back and hurried on; ashamed, for once in his life, at any rate.

Mr. Gordon was loth to leave the park, and sighed when they got into the turmoil of the great thoroughfare again.

"We must go there every day, Madge," he said with a sigh. "One feels as if one could not breathe in these streets—as if every breath one drew robbed one's fellow-mortals in this throng. They call this life!" he looked round him as someone jostled against him. "It is worse than death!"

In the afternoon Madge took him to the British Museum library. As he had said, he had quite forgotten where it was. At sight of the great domed room with its tiers upon tiers of books and lines of silent students the old man's face brightened, and he sank into one of the luxurious, leather-paddled chairs before a desk with a sigh of contentment. An attendant brought him a botanical book he asked for, and he was soon lost in its pages. Madge sat beside him, as she had sat in the park, for some time; then it occurred to her that she might leave him while she did some necessary shopping, and arranged the sitting-room out of its hideous formality.

"Yes, yes, I will wait here till you come back; you need not hurry. It closes at five, and if you are not back by then I will wait outside by the gate. There is a passage here on conifers which I believe to be totally incorrect. I must have some more books," and he wrote the necessary slip with rapt eagerness.

Madge, feeling that she could leave him with perfect safety, went out into the street again.

The winter evening was closing in, the shops were lighting up, a great and terrible sense of loneliness fell upon her; but she put it from her, and striving to concentrate her thoughts upon the trivial duties which, after all, are the all-important ones of life, she hurried over her shopping and got back to Harding street.

As she stood waiting for the door to open a gentleman came up the steps, and, raising his hat, said—

"Pardon me, have you knocked?"

He was a man past middle age, with large features and a leonine head. His hair, of iron gray, was thick and long, and his eyes large and expressive. There were many lines on his face—lines which told of much hard work and fierce struggling, but the mouth under the heavy moustache was a kinkly one, and the voice, though deep and rather abrupt, was gentle.

His eyes rested on Madge's face with a kind of comprehensive glance, then looked dreamily beyond her.

Madge said she had knocked, and presently 'Tilda opened the door. The smuts were still on her face, and so was the expression of good-tempered shrewdness.

"Oh, it's you, miss," she said, "and you, too, Mr. Gerard."

"Yes, 'Tilda," he said; then he glanced at Madge, taking off his hat.

"You are our new lodger, madam?" he said.

"Yes," she assented, and he stood aside for her to pass.

"That was the scalper," said 'Tilda, following Madge into the sitting-room.

"The sculptor? He seems a very pleasant gentleman. And now, 'Tilda, if you can spare five minutes—only five minutes—I want you to help me move the sofa and the sideboard."

"Lor' bless, wot for, miss? Aren't they very well where they are?"

"It is only a whim of mine," said Madge, persuasively. "Never mind, you must just humor me. See, I want the sideboard where the light falls on it, and the sofa in that corner, so that I can put the arm-chair near the fire for my grandfather; we must be quick, for I left him in the Museum. Thank you—you are very kind not to mind the trouble I'm giving you, 'Tilda."

'Tilda stared with all her eyes.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "To think of your talking like that! Why it ain't no trouble. You should see the trouble some of 'em give me. It's 'Tilda do this,' and 'Tilda do that, and look sharp about it, d'ye hear?' and the missis that sharp and short with me when she's cross. It's only Mr. Gerard who ever gives me a 'Please' or a 'Thank you, 'Tilda;' and I'd do anything for him, and so I would for you, miss, specially when you speaks to me in that nice soft voice of yours. Trouble! Not much!"

In half an-hour Madge, with 'Tilda's willing and almost enthusiastic assistance, had made the hitherto appallingly uncomfortable room quite cosy; then she went off to the Museum to fetch Mr. Gordon.

She found him as she had left him, absorbed in his book, and she waited patiently till the clock struck the hour of closing.

He was so absorbed that he walked through the street like a man in a dream, and did not notice the changed aspect of the room; but he sank into the arm-chair with a sigh, and warmed his hands at the fire with an air of contentment.

All through the tea-time he talked of the passage on conifers which he had been studying; and when the tea-things were

cleared away he asked Madge to get him his manuscripts and specimens.

"I must get to work," he said dreamily; "I must get this book finished; as Silas says, it will bring us some money——"

Before he had finished the sentence 'Tilda opened the door.

"Here's the gentleman come to see you, miss," she said, by way of announcement, and Silas entered.

He was in evening dress, and looked almost—almost—a gentleman. He carried a small bunch of flowers. His sharp eyes scanned the room, and he noticed the change in it instantly.

"How do you do, Mr. Gordon? How do you do, Miss Madge? I say, you look cosy! You've made the room look quite different! I thought you would. Why, it looks quite home-like already. I thought I'd just look in as I was passing—I'm going down to a swell City dinner—and see how you were getting on. You're looking first-rate, Mr. Gordon; and the same to you, Miss Madge, if I may say so," and he bowed expressively to Madge as he took a chair. "I've brought you a few flowers, Mr. Gordon. It occurred to me that you wouldn't find many growing round Bloomsbury Square," and he offered the bunch with a grin.

The old man took them with an absent nod, and examined them.

"Orchids!" he murmured. "Where did you get them? They are rare."

"Oh, I hunted 'em up," said Silas, with a wink and a smile of satisfaction, "and there's plenty more where they came from."

He glanced at the table littered with books, papers, and specimens.

"Been at work, I see. That's right. You must get that famous book of yours finished as soon as possible.

"Yes, yes," murmured the old man.

"It's about the book that I dropped in this evening," Silas went on, addressing Mr. Gordon, but looking sideways at Madge as she bent over his painting. "It struck me that I might be of some use to you in the matter of that book. You see, you authors are never business men. It stands to reason that you couldn't be. The two things, writing books and business, don't go together, do they?"

Mr. Gordon blinked at him, and nodded.

"Well, I'm a practical man, and I fancy you'd better leave the business of the publishing to me. When it's finished—it's pretty nearly done, isn't it?"

"Nearly, yes; nearly."

"Very well, then. When it's finished, I'll take it and dispose of it for you. I can do that kind of thing a great deal better than you can, don't you think so, Miss Madge?"

"Yes, I think so. You are very kind, Mr. Fletcher——"

"Not a bit of it," he broke in. "It's no trouble to me, and you'll see I'll manage it all right, and in about half the time Mr. Gordon would take. We'll have that book out in a jiffy."

There was a pause, during which he watched Madge's face as she bent over the drawing; then he said in a casual way—

"I don't know whether you are fond of theatres and concerts, and that kind of thing, Miss Madge?"

Madge looked up with a smile.

"I think I should be, but I have never been to any excepting the village concerts."

Mr. Silas smiled disdainfully.

"Oh, they're nothing!" he said. "You want to see the London theatres, and hear a concert at St. James' Hall. By the way, I've tickets for to-morrow night—three tickets—if you'd care to go."

Madge shook her head.

"Thank you very much," she said, gently but firmly; "but grandfather is not strong enough."

Mr. Silas bit his lip.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Another time, perhaps. Well, I must be going." But he still sat on, talking principally to the old man, but watching Madge with covert wistfulness, the "passion's hunger," which tortures itself by the sight of that for which it craves.

Madge was very silent; she told herself that he had proved himself a true friend in their hour of need, that she ought to be grateful, but—but she felt a sense of relief when he rose and took his leave.

He came nearly every evening, and nearly always brought some present in his hand. For some time the present was always for Mr. Gordon, and generally took the inoffensive form of flowers, or some new-fashioned writing materials.

He brought a patent reading-lamp one night, and a wonderful stylographic pen on another; and Mr. Gordon received them with absent-minded civility, and invariably forgot all about them or where they came from before Silas even left the house.

But one evening Silas struggled with an evident embarrassment and nervousness, and after fidgeting with his leg and beating the devil's tattoo softly on the side of his chair, rested his elbows on the table, and, bending forward to Madge, who was hard at needlework, said—

"You've lost your brooch, Miss Madge, haven't you?"

"My brooch? Oh, yes. I think I must have dropped it in the street the other day. It is of no consequence; it was only a small silver one of little value."

"I remember it," he said. Every one of her few simple, inexpensive ornaments and trinklets was stored in his memory. "I noticed the other night that you hadn't got it on, and—and"—he slid his hand into his pocket and brought out a small case—"and I thought, perhaps, you would like to have one in its place."

He opened the case, and with a would-be careless air pushed it along the table to her.

Madge colored hotly, and she shrank back as if the plain and simple ornament—Mr. Silas had been too shrewd to venture on diamonds—were going to bite her.

"Oh, no, no, thank you!" she said, trying to force some gratitude into her voice. "Oh, no. I—I could not take it," she added, as she saw Silas redden and then grow pale.

"I don't know why you shouldn't," he said, rather sullenly, his voice thickening. "I suppose there's no harm in a fellow giving a lady a little two-halfpenny present like that, just to show his—his friendship for her."

Madge had recovered her composure while he had been speaking. She took up the brooch and looked at it.

"It is very pretty, and it is very kind of you to think of it, but I cannot accept it; and, besides, there was no need of such evidence of your friendship; you have proved it so often by your kindness to my grandfather"

Her voice softened as she looked over at the white head bent over the book; and Mr. Silas was unwise enough to think that she might relent.

"Oh come," he said, in what he thought was a persuasive tone, "I wouldn't make a fuss about it if I were you. Just you take it, Miss Madge, just to—to please me."

"I cannot take it, even to please you, Mr. Fletcher," she said. "Do not ask me; pray do not ask me!"

"Oh; very well!" he said, swallowing the oath which nearly rose to his lips. "Don't be angry; it's of no consequence," and he snapped the case to and put it in his pocket.

"How is the book getting on, Mr. Gordon?"

The old man blinked up at him eagerly. "A few days more," he said. "Give me a few days more!"

Silas nodded with a smile.

"I'll give you another week," he said. "I'm going to run into the country on a matter of business, and I shan't be back before then."

Madge tried hard not to feel glad.

"When I come back I'll run in and see if it's finished; and if it is—well, we'll have a little dinner together at one of the restaurants. You won't object to that, Miss Madge?"

"Oh, no," she said, going over to the old man and putting her arm round his neck. "Grandfather will like that, I'm sure. It is very good of you, Mr. Fletcher."

"And won't you like it too?" he said, off his guard for a moment.

"I like anything he likes," she said, quietly.

When Mr. Silas got outside he stood at the corner of Harding-street and swore for full a minute, and, a girl happening to pass, he thrust the brooch in its case into her hand, with—

"There's something for you!" and hurried on, leaving her rooted to the pavement with not unnatural amazement.

He did not go into the country on business, but remained in London, and although he did not visit the Gordons, he haunted Harding-street after dark with a persistence worthy of the most modern and approved of ghosts.

He could not keep away from the vicinity of the house that held that which Mr. Silas Fletcher desired even more than money.

Bad and mean men are supposed to be incapable of love. Of love in the highest and best sense of the word they may not be, but of a passion which enthralls them body and soul they certainly are capable; and such a passion had got Mr. Silas Fletcher tightly in its cruel and merciless clutches.

Mean of soul, cunning and unscrupulous as he was, it is to be hoped that the reader may find a little pity for him—for he needed it!

At the end of the week he re-appeared and found Mr. Gordon in a state of excitement, and Madge flushing and paling by turns with sympathetic hope."

"Ah," said Silas, as he entered the room, "I can see it is finished!"

"Yes, yes!" said the old man tremulously. "It is finished. I have had to work hard, and—and there are several things I have omitted——"

"Oh, put 'em in afterwards," said Silas, taking up the bulky manuscript—the labor, the loving, conscientious labor of years. "Bravo, finished at last! Well, now we'll go and have that little dinner, and drink luck to it. I thought you'd have got it done by to-night, and I ordered the dinner on the chance. Put on your things, Miss Madge, and let's have a jolly time of it."

Madge rose, then hesitated.

"Can you not go without me?" she said.

Silas Fletcher's face fell.

"Oh, no," he said. "Don't back out of it. It was a promise, a distinct.

"Very well," she said.

Mr. Gordon got hold of the manuscript and fingered it lovingly.

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

"Then I will call you 'Tilda," said Madge.

"And what's your name, miss?" asked 'Tilda.

Madge told her.

"Well, I like it," remarked 'Tilda after a moment of cautious reflection. "And you're real gentlefolks you and your grandfather, ain't you? Leastways I 'eard that gentleman, Mr. Fletcher, tell the missus so, and I see'd it was true the moment I clapped heyes on you. Lor' bless you, I can tell! There's a real gentleman lodges on the ground floor, though he is only a scalper."

"A what?" said Madge, looking round from her operation of coaxing the sullen fire into a blaze.

"A scalper—wot carves things in marble. His stoodio is just behind the 'ouse."

"Oh! a sculptor you mean," said Madge.

"Yes, I daresay that's it," assented 'Tilda with serene complacency. "Har you going to have white lump sugar or brown?"

"White—I don't know. Why do you ask?" said Madge.

"Oh, because there's three halfpence a pound difference," replied 'Tilda.

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'Tilda eyed her keenly.

"All right, miss," she said. "I allus asks that question, and then I knows whether the lodgers are flush or not."

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"Whether they're well off or not. If you're well off you turn up your nose at brown; nothing but white lump is good enough for you."

"I see," said Madge. "But we are not well off, 'Tilda; therefore, we'll have brown."

"All right, miss. I'll have the breakfast ready in another ten minutes or so. Shall I give your grandpa a call?"

"No, thank you," said Madge. She put the rest of the breakfast things into somelike order, then went to her grandfather's room. He did not answer her knock, and she entered softly.

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He took his morning kiss, and looked round the dingy room with the same apathy with which he had received Mr. Fletcher's notice, and sunk with a sigh into the chair Madge drew up to the table for him.

"Have you slept well, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," he said, pushing the white hair from his forehead. "Oh, yes. And so we are in London, Madge!" and he sighed.

"Yes, grandfather," she said as cheerfully as she could. "This is our first day. You must make a good breakfast, because we must go out presently and find the British Museum, where the great reading-room is, you know."

"I know where it is; I used to read there a great deal. But—but I've forgotten."

He nodded abstractedly and turned to the table. But she saw with dismay that he only made a pretence of eating, and that his hands trembled as they held the cup and broke the bread.

"We will go to the park before we find the reading-room, dear," she said. "I am afraid there will not be many flowers there now"—Poor Madge, she had no conception of a London park in winter!—"but there will be the trees and the shrubs, and Mr. Silas they are some of them very fine."

"Yes, yes," he said indifferently. "When is Silas coming again?"

"I don't know, grandfather. We must not expect him to come very often. He is a very busy man, you know, and cannot have much time to waste. He has been very kind already——"

"Yes," he said, with drooping head. "He has been a true friend, our only friend."

When they had breakfasted, Madge, with some difficulty, persuaded him to go out. The noise of the crowded streets confused her and distressed him, and she inquired her way to Hyde Park, and got there as soon as possible.

Although there was no fog, it was a moist, muggy day—who, that has once experienced it, will ever forget a November in London?—and by contrast with the bustling streets the park, with its great bare trees and emerald grass—the sooty atmosphere of a great city is good for grass, and London grows it far greener than it can be obtained in the country—seemed Paradise.

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He was a man past middle age, with large features and a leonine head. His hair, of iron gray, was thick and long, and his eyes large and expressive. There were many lines on his face—lines which told of much hard work and fierce struggling, but the mouth under the heavy moustache was a kinkly one, and the voice, though deep and rather abrupt, was gentle.

His eyes rested on Madge's face with a kind of comprehensive glance, then looked dreamily beyond her.

Madge said she had knocked, and presently 'Tilda opened the door. The smuts were still on her face, and so was the expression of good-tempered shrewdness.

"Oh, it's you, miss," she said, "and you, too, Mr. Gerard."

"Yes, 'Tilda," he said; then he glanced at Madge, taking off his hat.

"You are our new lodger, madam?" he said.

"Yes," she assented, and he stood aside for her to pass.

"That was the scalper," said 'Tilda, following Madge into the sitting-room.

"The sculptor? He seems a very pleasant gentleman. And now, 'Tilda, if you can spare five minutes—only five minutes—I want you to help me move the sofa and the sideboard."

"Lor' bless, wot for, miss? Aren't they very well where they are?"

"It is only a whim of mine," said Madge, persuasively. "Never mind, you must just humor me. See, I want the sideboard where the light falls on it, and the sofa in that corner, so that I can put the arm-chair near the fire for my grandfather; we must be quick, for I left him in the Museum. Thank you—you are very kind not to mind the trouble I'm giving you, 'Tilda."

'Tilda stared with all her eyes.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "To think of your talking like that! Why it ain't no trouble. You should see the trouble some of 'em give me. It's 'Tilda do this,' and "Tilda do that, and look sharp about it, d'ye hear?' and the missis that sharp and short with me when she's cross. It's only Mr. Gerard who ever gives me a 'Please' or a 'Thank you, 'Tilda;' and I'd do anything for him, and so I would for you, miss, specially when you speaks to me in that nice soft voice of yours. Trouble! Not much!"

In half-an-hour Madge, with 'Tilda's willing and almost enthusiastic assistance, had made the hitherto appallingly uncomfortable room quite cosy; then she went off to the Museum to fetch Mr. Gordon.

She found him as she had left him, absorbed in his book, and she waited patiently till the clock struck the hour of closing.

He was so absorbed that he walked through the street like a man in a dream, and did not notice the changed aspect of the room; but he sank into the arm-chair with a sigh, and warmed his hands at the fire with an air of contentment.

All through the tea-time he talked of the passage on conifers which he had been studying; and when the tea-things were

cleared away he asked Madge to get him his manuscripts and specimens.

"I must get to work," he said dreamily; "I must get this book finished; as Silas says, it will bring us some money——"

Before he had finished the sentence 'Tilda opened the door.

"Here's the gentleman come to see you, miss," she said, by way of announcement, and Silas entered.

He was in evening dress, and looked almost—almost—a gentleman. He carried a small bunch of flowers. His sharp eyes scanned the room, and he noticed the change in it instantly.

"How do you do, Mr. Gordon? How do you do, Miss Madge? I say, you look cosy! You've made the room look quite different! I thought you would. Why, it looks quite home-like already. I thought I'd just look in as I was passing—I'm going down to a swell City dinner—and see how you were getting on. You're looking first-rate, Mr. Gordon; and the same to you, Miss Madge, if I may say so," and he bowed expressively to Madge as he took a chair. "I've brought you a few flowers, Mr. Gordon. It occurred to me that you wouldn't find many growing round Bloomsbury Square," and he offered the bunch with a grin.

The old man took them with an absent nod, and examined them.

"Orchids!" he murmured. "Where did you get them? They are rare."

"Oh, I hunted 'em up," said Silas, with a wink and a smile of satisfaction, "and there's plenty more where they came from."

He glanced at the table littered with books, papers, and specimens.

"Been at work, I see. That's right. You must get that famous book of yours finished as soon as possible.

"Yes, yes," murmured the old man.

"It's about the book that I dropped in this evening," Silas went on, addressing Mr. Gordon, but looking sideways at Madge as she bent over his painting. "It struck me that I might be of some use to you in the matter of that book. You see, you authors are never business men. It stands to reason that you couldn't be. The two things, writing books and business, don't go together, do they?"

Mr. Gordon blinked at him, and nodded.

"Well, I'm a practical man, and I fancy you'd better leave the business of the publishing to me. When it's finished—it's pretty nearly done, isn't it?"

"Nearly, yes; nearly."

"Very well, then. When it's finished, I'll take it and dispose of it for you. I can do that kind of thing a great deal better than you can, don't you think so, Miss Madge?"

"Yes, I think so. You are very kind, Mr. Fletcher——"

"Not a bit of it," he broke in. "It's no trouble to me, and you'll see I'll manage it all right, and in about half the time Mr. Gordon would take. We'll have that book out in a jiffy."

There was a pause, during which he watched Madge's face as she bent over the drawing; then he said in a casual way—

"I don't know whether you are fond of theatres and concerts, and that kind of thing, Miss Madge?"

Madge looked up with a smile.

"I think I should be, but I have never been to any excepting the village concerts."

Mr. Silas smiled disdainfully.

"Oh, they're nothing!" he said. "You want to see the London theatres, and hear a concert at St. James' Hall. By the way, I've tickets for to-morrow night—three tickets—if you'd care to go."

Madge shook her head.

"Thank you very much," she said, gently but firmly; "but grandfather is not strong enough."

Mr. Silas bit his lip.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Another time, perhaps. Well, I must be going." But he still sat on, talking principally to the old man, but watching Madge with covert wistfulness, the "passion's hunger," which tortures itself by the sight of that for which it craves.

Madge was very silent; she told herself that he had proved himself a true friend in their hour of need, that she ought to be grateful, but—but she felt a sense of relief when he rose and took his leave.

He came nearly every evening, and nearly always brought some present in his hand. For some time the present was always for Mr. Gordon, and generally took the inoffensive form of flowers, or some new-fashioned writing materials.

He brought a patent reading-lamp one night, and a wonderful stylographic pen on another; and Mr. Gordon received them with absent-minded civility, and invariably forgot all about them or where they came from before Silas even left the house.

But one evening Silas struggled with an evident embarrassment and nervousness, and after fidgeting with his leg and beating the devil's tattoo softly on the side of his chair, rested his elbows on the table, and, bending forward to Madge, who was hard at needlework, said—

"You've lost your brooch, Miss Madge, haven't you?"

"My brooch? Oh, yes. I think I must have dropped it in the street the other day. It is of no consequence; it was only a small silver one of little value."

"I remember it," he said. Every one of her few simple, inexpensive ornaments and trinklets was stored in his memory. "I noticed the other night that you hadn't got it on, and—and"—he slid his hand into his pocket and brought out a small case—"and I thought, perhaps, you would like to have one in its place."

He opened the case, and with a would-be careless air pushed it along the table to her.

Madge colored hotly, and she shrank back as if the plain and simple ornament—Mr. Silas had been too shrewd to venture on diamonds—were going to bite her.

"Oh, no, no, thank you!" she said, trying to force some gratitude into her voice. "Oh, no. I—I could not take it," she added, as she saw Silas redden and then grow pale.

"I don't know why you shouldn't," he said, rather sullenly, his voice thickening. "I suppose there's no harm in a fellow giving a lady a little two-halfpenny present like that, just to show his—his friendship for her."

Madge had recovered her composure while he had been speaking. She took up the brooch and looked at it.

"It is very pretty, and it is very kind of you to think of it, but I cannot accept it; and, besides, there was no need of such evidence of your friendship; you have proved it so often by your kindness to my grandfather."

Her voice softened as she looked over at the white head bent over the book; and Mr. Silas was unwise enough to think that she might relent.

"Oh come," he said, in what he thought was a persuasive tone, "I wouldn't make a fuss about it if I were you. Just you take it, Miss Madge, just to—to please me."

"I cannot take it, even to please you, Mr. Fletcher," she said. "Do not ask me; pray do not ask me!"

"Oh; very well!" he said, swallowing the oath which nearly rose to his lips. "Don't be angry; it's of no consequence," and he snapped the case to and put it in his pocket.

"How is the book getting on, Mr. Gordon?"

The old man blinked up at him eagerly.

"A few days more," he said. "Give me a few days more!"

Silas nodded with a smile.

"I'll give you another week," he said. "I'm going to run into the country on a matter of business, and I shan't be back before then."

Madge tried hard not to feel glad.

"When I come back I'll run in and see if it's finished; and if it is—well, we'll have a little dinner together at one of the restaurants. You won't object to that, Miss Madge?"

"Oh, no," she said, going over to the old man and putting her arm round his neck. "Grandfather will like that, I'm sure. It is very good of you, Mr. Fletcher."

"And won't you like it too?" he said, off his guard for a moment.

"I like anything he likes," she said quietly.

When Mr. Silas got outside he stood at the corner of Harding-street and swore for full a minute, and, a girl happening to pass, he thrust the brooch in its case into her hand, with—

"There's something for you!" and hurried on, leaving her rooted to the pavement with not unnatural amazement.

He did not go into the country on business, but remained in London, and although he did not visit the Gordons, he haunted Harding-street after dark with a persistence worthy of the most modern and approved of ghosts.

He could not keep away from the vicinity of the house that held that which Mr. Silas Fletcher desired even more than money.

Bad and mean men are supposed to be incapable of love. Of love in the highest and best sense of the word they may not be, but of a passion which enthralls them body and soul they certainly are capable; and such a passion had got Mr. Silas Fletcher tightly in its cruel and merciless clutches.

Mean of soul, cunning and unscrupulous as he was, it is to be hoped that the reader may find a little pity for him—for he needed it!

At the end of the week he re-appeared and found Mr. Gordon in a state of excitement, and Madge flushing and paling by turns with sympathetic hope."

"Ah," said Silas, as he entered the room, "I can see it is finished!"

"Yes, yes!" said the old man tremulously. "It is finished. I have had to work hard, and—and there are several things I have omitted——"

"Oh, put 'em in afterwards," said Silas, taking up the bulky manuscript—the labor, the loving, conscientious labor of years. "Bravo, finished at last! Well, now we'll go and have that little dinner, and drink luck to it. I thought you'd have got it done by to-night, and I ordered the dinner on the chance. Put on your things, Miss Madge, and let's have a jolly time of it."

Madge rose, then hesitated.

"Can you not go without me?" she said.

Silas Fletcher's face fell.

"Oh, no," he said. "Don't back out of it. It was a promise, a distinct.

"Very well," she said.

Mr. Gordon got hold of the manuscript and fingered it lovingly.

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

THE COMPASS.

BY R. W.

Though wild and black the winter night,
With never moon or star to light
The bravely struggling bark,
Yet at the sturdy pilot's side
The faithful needle is to guide
His hand and helm through waters wide
And tempests fierce and dark.

And thus, among life's troubled waves
The heart, with faith for compass, braves
The perils that arise,
And hears, beyond the ills that crowd—
Beyond the shadows that enshroud—
God calling sweetly through the cloud
From His eternal skies.

Virginia.

BY A. T. R.

LOOKING down from a high window in the Piazza di Spagna, in Rome, one sees all sorts of figures and all sorts of doings.

There was not much shade anywhere. The sun reigned high in his mid-day glory and the time of the year was May.

A little village of shade filled the bit of street which led up to the Pincio, but being mid-day, there were only some boys at play there on the white, dusty ground. Over the way some balconies were shrinking away into the strip of shade which just swept down the faces of the houses there. Some English girls stood out—who but English would stand bareheaded, even in the shadow, of a May noon?

Yet there were some people who worked even at mid-day in Rome.

Coming down from the Pincio, three oblong moving whitenesses made the bit of dark, shade street look like one of the black-and-white diamond-paved floors of the churches.

Three pairs of white-stockinged feet showed forth; a little white curly dog ran out into the glare of white sunlight; three girls followed him, carrying on their heads the oblong shallow baskets in which the laundresses of Rome send the snowy linen home.

"In?" No; "on." The clothes are daintily packed on the huge basket trays, and are balanced on girls' heads.

"Do they ever get split?" you ask.

Never—never. The girls are as light as roes; with their brown, bare hands on their hips, and with their limbs free and their heads firmly erect, how can they slip? They never dream of such weakness.

"I have been six times to the Londra today," said one girl, Nita. "And very likely a load to carry back now."

"You are grand! The less you say about the washing you do the better," retorted the second, a shortish girl. "How much do you rub?"

"You are too curious," and the third girl laughed merrily. She was just the opposite of Maria; or Mariuccia, as they called her; she was as lovely as the other was plain. "Yes, that is it," she repeated; "you are too curious. The mother and I, we send the clothes home white, and we iron them well; we make all the pretty embroidery and the lace look nice—never you mind the rubbing.

"Just like you! All for show!" said Mariuccia crossly. "Get out of my way, you stupid dog!" and one foot went out with a jerk towards the white gambolling dog.

"You would kick my Lili!" cried Virginia. "I hate you—I hate you!" and with one long, swift step she put her tall strong self between the girl and the little dog. An Italian is quick and fiery. Virginia could laugh—nay, she was far more ready to laugh than to scold, but her tongue was sharp too, and could sting. "Lili is an angel!" she hurried on; "but I can make her bite you, so take care!"

"Can you? I don't believe it. Lili is just the same meek incapable as her master—yes, don't you think I know who gave her to you!"

"You——"

"Tonio Bucci gave her——" began the first girl, Nita.

"As if I did not know, the foolish man! Truly he is as soft as the milk he sells."

"The milk is sour for thee—eh, Mariuccia?" and Nita nudged the girl's arm. "I wouldn't show I was angry."

There is some good advice that stings one more sharply than a taunt, and of this sort was this counsel of Nita's.

"Angry? I'm not angry. I'm thankful to anyone who'll take such an insipidity out of my way."

But Mariuccia's face flushed red, and seeing the unlucky Lili come before her just at this moment, the ready foot struck out again with the undisguised intent of administering a kick.

This time the aim was sure, and Lili with a squeal darted sideways with her bushy white tail between her legs.

Nita was a step in the rear, Virginia had sailed majestically ahead and aloof from the others—was she not too proud to condescend to listen to such rude speeches as Mariuccia had been making?

So they were moving leisurely across the piazza when Lili got her kick. Now in the first agony of bodily pain the most patient ignores the difference between friend and foe—Lili ran from Mariuccia, but it was to dash full tilt against her mistress' feet.

It was all done in a second.

The frighted dash—the entanglement of feet and of dog—the flutter and splutter of Lili's soft body and furry, whisking tail, a sharp short bark, and alas! the basket on Virginia's head was down, and all the dainty folded linen was flying over the dusty sun-scorched pavement! Fair embroideries and gossamer laces, all so clear, and white, and fresh, were spoiled. Spoiled irrevocably! How could they be saved from the griminess of the fine dust?

"Lucky it's you and not me!" sneered Mariuccia. "I shouldn't dare to take such things to the hotel. They'll do for your signore; for people in the pensione it is not so bad."

"You think so?" retorted Virginia. "What do you know? My signore need have better treatment than your always-moving strangers. Have I not had them all the winter? Nay, for two winters? And are they not good to us? Ahime! Ahime!" she threw her arms aloft, and then with her sharp cry she let them fall, and swing on each side of her. "Do they not start this very night on the long journey to their home? What can I do? Santa Maria! would I not rather spoil all the clothes for all the week than these of my dear signore?"

"Bah! there's no harm done if they go away to-night. You can't lose trade, anyway."

Virginia, crying and kneeling amidst her ruins, took no heed.

"That's your honesty!" shouted Nita with disgust. "One sees now why you never get beyond hotel-work. People would not send to you twice. Go! Leave me and Virginia!" She turned her back on Mariuccia, and carefully set her own basket in safety. "Pick them up. There, shake them a bit!"

"It is no use! it is no use!" wailed Virginia. "And on the day of all others when I would have them lovely. Ah, they were beautiful when the mother and I finished them!"

"They are not so bad."

"Don't you speak—there!" and she held up a garment whose lace was decorated with irregular streaks and patches of yellow dirt. In a second it was thrown on the top of the pile Nita had deftly set back in order. "Will I stand ashamed before my signore, and take such things to them? No, never. I shall take them all home again and wash them afresh."

"You? This afternoon?" and Nita stood apart, looking amazed.

"It must be. I will tell Tonio afterwards; he will understand."

Nita nodded her head quickly.

"Probably," she said with meaning. "You remember Mariuccia will be there, too. She will make him understand with a vengeance."

"Do I fear Mariuccia?" proudly said Virginia.

The English girls on their balcony saw the accident, but their minds were full of other thoughts; they did not notice that the unlucky girl was Virginia, a protegee of theirs, and as to thinking of the safety of the clothes, they were full of the excitement of going home after a winter in Rome. For a second they had turned to speak to someone in the room, and when their eyes again fell on the piazza it was to see two Italian friends of theirs crossing from the shadowy opposite street towards their own house.

* * * * * *

The May evening was falling cool and soft. All the world had been out. The two Nelson girls and their mother were strolling about, too. Their Italian friends were with them, and one can easily imagine the sort of talk that would every now and again come up; the English people were going away, and the friends would not see them for six months. Nay, who knew? Perhaps one girl would not come to Rome the next winter.

This one was a wild girl; she said things as they came into her head. She was declaring, with a little flourish of her hand: "Is there any place I love as I love Rome? Should I not die if I were to dream that never again should I set my devoted eyes upon it?"

"Signora, you jest. It is not true that before next winter——"

"I shall be Mrs. Brown? Yes. That supposition may certainly have become a fact; still, you may imagine the aforesaid Mrs. Brown weeping her eyes out when her family pack the family-trunks next October for Rome!"

"Gwen, there goes Virginia, and we shall miss her."

"Where—how?" and Gwen turned to right and left.

"Behind you now—half-way down the road."

"What is she doing up here?"

"Don't know. There is some merry-making going on down below, beyond the Borghese Gardens. I caught my lady looking that way——"

"I shall simply go home. No, Signor Para—no, I want no escort. I am bent on domestic duties, and you would only be in the way."

She went off, and she overtook Virginia, and she heard the story of the misfortune.

"But how could you do all that work again this afternoon? Was not your brother Tito to be married this morning? Were you not to have a beautiful festa this afternoon?" So said Gwen, in her headlong fashion.

"It is true, signorina. But could I behave so badly to you and to the signora? No."

"Well! don't be wretched over it now. Get back quickly."

With a few more words the two girls parted. They understand many little things of each other's lives, from the simple fact that each one had a little love-story lying between the common ways and works of every day.

Alas, and also! It was a black day for Virginia; she never divined how the thing was done, it was done and past remedy. Of course the hard, cruel fate did not swoop down upon her all at once, but she noted that day as the day when Tonio Bucci fell away from her.

And who was Virginia's rival?

Mariuccia, who pretended once that she despised Antonio!

Nita, Virginia's friend, flicked her thumbs at Mariuccia, and cried: "Bah! That Mariuccia loves, or does not love, as the humor comes. Bucci will have his master's shop soon. If Bucci had not gold he might whistle for Mariuccia."

"Serve him right if a richer man crosses his path," dryly put in a woman who heard her.

"That is your way. It is not mine," said Nita. "I have promised a candle to the Santissima Madre if she get them well married before Corpus Domini."

"You! That is your friendship—eh? You'd reward a poltroon, a base fellow?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Mariuccia a reward? That is good," and Nita laughed again.

Some two or three weeks after this, the whole of Rome seemed flocking into St. Peter's. It was the great festival of Corpus Domini, and the grand procession came filing in through the mighty columns, and in at the vast door. Incense perfumed the warm air; hundreds of priests gravely walked along carrying the treasures. Scarlet-robed cardinals officiated; mitred dignitaries, in vestments of gorgeous silver tissues, chanted and genuflected before the high altar; strings of blue, and of green, and of scarlet-coated young seminarists from the various colleges made lines of clear color in the dense crowd, which by itself was just a moving mass of radiant color.

On the edge of the crowd was a group—a marriage group all in festal dress. What voluminous skirts, what gold earrings, what lace kerchiefs! The bride was short and square; she pulled at her newly-made husband's sleeve, so that she might see over the heads of the people. Of course he helped her, but methinks he remembered a tall girl, whose bearing was proud and stately, and whom any man—yes, any man—would have felt it a glory to call his wife. That girl would have been well by his side, without giving him that irritating pull. Tonio Bucci, of course, was this newly-made husband.

The summer burnt itself out, and autumn went too—the sickly, pestiferous Roman autumn, which brings the heavy fever air from the Campagna, and which feeds the dreaded enemy by the damps and the rains of the falling year.

The time went, and real winter, the winter which makes Rome full of foreign visitors, had come. Many amongst these were people who came every year, people from colder lands of the north, who see that life is better worth living under the genial Italian sun.

Gwen did not come, but her mother and sister did. A few weeks passed, and then Gwen herself was in Rome again. She was now a glad young wife, and she and her husband having been far afield into Eastern lands for their long honeymoon, were taking a glimpse of Rome on their way back to England.

She had to ask after five hundred people, to use a comfortable exaggeration, but in the interests of our story we will make no mention of the four hundred and ninety-nine, and just pick out one of her old friends, Virginia Caldi.

"Not married!" cried Gwen. "What went wrong?"

She heard the story.

"I know that Mariuccia. I saw her more than once with Virginia. The man must have been conjured out of himself."

"You let Virginia infect you with her own mad admiration of him," answered May, Gwen's sister.

"Not at all so. I saw for myself. Did I not see him often enough out at the Caldis' cottage? He repents it by this time."

"I don't know about repentance. He may have repented, but now there is no knowing what he feels. He is a free man, Mariuccia is dead."

"Mariuccia dead!"

May nodded her head.

"She was self-willed—'as self-willed as an English girl,' I was told, and she went out in the wet and cold; she died of fever. Yes, that was it. And now——" The girl was silent a moment.

"Well—now?" echoed Gwen.

"Now Bucci is tearing his hair—that is an elegant metaphor, of course, as you know his head just owns a stubble and no more—well, tearing his hair at the feet of Virginia."

"Then it will be all right; she always did love him."

"I know nothing about that, I leave all that to you. She'll have nothing to say to him, anyhow. Old Madame Caldi exists in a flood of tears, for Virginia declares she will go and serve the nuns at St. Trinita del Monti. She'll be a nun herself if she can."

"Nonsense!"

"True, nevertheless."

Wherewith Gwen resolved upon becoming a matchmaker, as it has been said that all good women are, and she carried her husband off for a walk. The walk took them out a long way beyond the Porta del Popolo, and, in fact, only ended at Virginia's cottage.

This is what came of that visit.

Only a week after, Gwen and her husband had to leave Rome, and on the morning of the day they left, Virginia, as of old, brought her basket-load of daintily got-up linen home.

"You do not look like a nun," began Gwen half teasingly.

"Oh, signora, that is not a thing to laugh at. No, not at all." The girl lifted her tall figure with that simple pride of hers which had still such a grand dignity in it. "No, no; and, signora," she seized Gwen's hands in her own with all the fiery earnestness of an Italian; "if you had not come to me, I should be there now. Yes, this would have been the day when I should have left the mother, and Tonio, and all."

"But if your vocation is there—there with the nuns," Gwen's eyes tried to look grave. "Suppose one day you find you would rather be singing with the good sisters than cooking Tonio's soup?"

"Signora! Is that possible?" and Virginia dropping her friend's hands clasped her own. "Shall I ever think that?—!?"

FRIEND: "One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under penalty of discharge." Business Man: "Yes; I do that with all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent, conceited men around my place."

Bric-a-Brac.

WASPS.—The material of wasps' nests is said to be dust moistened with some glutinous material supplied by the insects themselves. This is laid on in layer after layer until the requisite number of hexagonal cells is made, and in each cell an egg is deposited.

IN JEWELRY.—A Turin jeweler has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl. Its sail is of beaten gold studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce. Its price is $5000.

BIG PALMS.—Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of twenty feet and the remarkable width of sixteen feet. The natives use them for making tents. The umbrella magnolia of Ceylon bears leaves that are so large that a single one may sometimes serve as a shelter for fifteen or twenty persons.

TO KEEP THEM AWAKE.—A document is kept in a church in Harlem, Holland, which tells that in the year 1625 a certain Hans Zink was engaged, for a sum equalling a little over a shilling a week, to wake up all those in the congregation who went to sleep during the sermon on Sunday. Zink was a human alarum for twenty years, but at the end of that time was dismissed, because he had been caught napping himself while preaching was going on.

HALIBUT.—It is hard for the younger people to believe that so good a fish as the halibut was considered unfit for eating not very many years ago, yet many old fishermen now live who remember when it was first offered in the market, selling then at 4 or 5 cents a pound. It was many years since that that the sword-fish first found its way to the frying-pan and the table, and a Rockland fisherman recalls the time when haddock were about as highly esteemed as sculpins are now.

RED HAIR.—Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by a superabundance of iron in the blood. This it is that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient, animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY.—As early as the seventeenth century one finds traces of a custom which is observed to-day, and of which it is impossible even to guess at the origin. If a captain of a boat be going alongside a ship at night, and if he be hailed with the challenge "Boat, ahoy!" the proper reply from the boat is, "Victory," or "Triumph," or whatever the name of the captain's vessel may be. If the visitor be a lieutenant, the regulation answer is "Hullo!" But if the visitor be only a midshipman, the reply demanded by ancient etiquette is, strange to say, "No, no!" although he means "Yes."

AMONG THE LAOS.—Among the Laos, a people inhabiting a district of Siam, the chewing of a preparation called "meing" is almost universal, the practice being especially esteemed by those whose labor brings great bodily fatigue. Recent inquiry shows that this delicacy is prepared from the Assam tea plant of commerce. The leaves, instead of being used for an infused beverage as in other countries, are steamed, tied into bundles and buried in the ground for about fifteen days, after which the product will keep for two years or more. A similar use of tea is not wholly unknown elsewhere. Good authority states that, even in European countries, the ordinary dried leaves are sometimes eaten, a craving being gradually established, as in tobacco-chewing.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

"When will you take it?" he said. "Not—not to-night, will you? It might get lost."

"Yes; I'll take it to-night," said Silas, and he began to wrap it in a newspaper.

"Take—take care of it," said the old man with touching anxiety. "It has cost me many, many years. There is—oh! I could not tell you if I tried how much labor and thought in—in those pages. You will take care of it, Mr. Silas?" and in his anxiety he clasped his hands appealingly.

"Oh, I'll take care of it," repeated Mr. Silas. "Don't you be afraid! I'll go and see a publisher to-morrow. I know no end of them, and will soon have it out. Don't you worry about it. You trust to me, Mr. Gordon."

He put it in a small bag he had brought with him—Mr. Silas being one of those persons who hold that a gentleman ceases to be a gentleman the moment he carries a parcel of any description—and they went off to dine.

He had ordered a gorgeous dinner at Romano's, a dinner which amazed Madge, and bewildered her grandfather, and which Mr. Silas himself scarcely seemed to enjoy; for though he strove to be joyous and merry, there was a sinister look in his eye, a line about his thin mouth, which made his smile rather thin, and his laughter ring false.

Even when he filled their glasses with 1880 Pomeroy at a guinea a bottle, and, raising his, cried, "Here's luck to the great work," his voice had a hollowness in it which might have startled Madge if she had not been so entirely engrossed in her grandfather.

The old man was in the seventh heaven of happiness. His careworn, wrinkled face was flushed with hope, his hands trembled as he lifted the glass, his voice faltered as he stammered—

"You—you think it—it will succeed, Mr. Silas?"

"I'm sure it will!" said Silas, tossing off the champagne. "It will make you a famous, and, what's better, a rich man, Mr. Gordon. I know what I'm talking about. You trust to me. Miss Madge, you've scarcely touched your wine!" And he attempted to fill up her glass.

"No, thank you," she said, drawing it away. "And—and I think we will go now. My grandfather is not used——"

She put her hand on the old man's trembling one.

Silas insisted upon their remaining until the bottle was finished—it did not take him long—and accompanied them to Harding-street, with the bag with its precious contents in his hand.

"Good-night," said Madge. "It's too late to ask you to come in. Good-night, and—and thank you, Mr. Fletcher, for all you have done for us, and, more than all, for what you are going to do for the book. Oh! I hope—I hope it will succeed!"

In her eagerness she unwittingly pressed his big, fat hand. The blood, heated by the champagne, rushed to Silas' face, and he was on the point of carrying the small hand to his lips; but, fortunately for him, controlled himself.

"Good-night," he said hoarsely. "You trust to me."

"Take care of it!" were Mr. Gordon's last words.

Silas drew a long breath when they had entered the house and the door had closed between them; then he went slowly home.

He had rooms in Woburn-place—three big rooms, furnished in expensive and hideously-gorgeous style; furniture from Tottenham-court-road, silken hangings in hideous discord, Persian rugs and Empire chairs; gaudy pictures in the worst possible taste; and gilding wherever it could be laid on, and laid on with a trowel.

The fire was still alight. He poked it into a blaze, put on some coal, and stood by it until it had burned up; then he took the manuscript from the bag, and, tearing it page from page, threw each separate sheet on to the fire. When every particle of it was burned, and nothing remained but a heap of thin charcoal flakes, he flung himself into a chair and smiled.

"You're disposed of, anyhow," he said with malignant satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next morning Madge woke from a restless sleep that had been haunted by bad dreams, which she ascribed to the excitement of the preceding night.

She dressed and went into her grandfather's room, expecting to find him awake and restless also, but he was sleeping like a child.

It was early, not yet seven, but she felt that it would be useless to return to her bed and woo sleep again, and putting on her hat and jacket she was going down the stairs with the intention of taking a walk, when Mr. Gerard, the sculptor, came out of his room on the ground floor.

He started slightly and looked up at her with surprise. They had met nearly every day, either at the door or in the hall, and had always exchanged a pleasant, if formal greeting; and he now gave her "Good morning" in his deep, musical voice.

"Are you going out, Miss Gordon?" he asked.

"Y—es," said Madge falteringly.

"It is very early," he remarked, in a lower voice, and with true delicacy, looking away from her, for he had noticed that she was pale and agitated.

"I know," she said, with a wan smile. "But—but I have not slept well last night, and I was going to try what a walk would do for me."

"I see," he said, as he opened the door. "But it is raining."

"So it is!" she said, eyeing the leaden clouds and drizzling rain with truly feminine disgust; as if rain were a personal injury.

He held the door in his hand, and looked at her with grave scrutiny.

"I should like to make a suggestion," he said. "Walking about in the rain is no compensation for a bad night's rest. I've tried it, and am therefore competent to offer an opinion. You want something that will interest you—take you out of yourself."

"It would be a very wonderful thing that would do that Mr. Gerard," said Madge, with her rare smile.

He looked at her with a kind of sad sympathy.

"Are you so unhappy, then?" he said.

"No, not unhappy," she replied, "but—but very anxious."

"That's only a form of unhappiness," he said.

He was silent a moment, regarding the lovely face with something of the grave regard which a physician bestows on an extremely interesting patient. Then he said—

"I am going to my studio. I have a model there whom I am copying by gaslight for certain reasons. Will you come with me? It may interest you, and if it should do so, it will take you out of yourself for a short time, at any rate."

"If only for a few moments, I should be glad," said Madge, in her direct fashion.

"Come, then," he said.

They walked round the street into the next one, and, opening a door, the sculptor signed to her to enter the studio, the glass roof of which she had so often looked down upon from her window.

Madge gazed about her curiously.

The light, coming almost entirely from above, fell upon statues in various stages, from the clay model to the marble perfection.

A lad in a white blouse stood by a bench, working up the clay with which a sculptor models.

On a kind of dais stood a girl dressed in everyday costume, but without her hat, and with a square of linen folded across her shoulders.

Gerard nodded to her gravely.

"My model," he said in a low voice to Madge. "I am going to carve a statuette from her, which I rather think of calling 'Hope Deferred.' Look at her face," he added, in a still lower voice.

Madge looked at the girl. She was extremely pretty, but the prettiness was dignified—almost sanctified—by an expression of wistful sadness which so perfectly matched that which brooded over Madge's own heart that she felt a throb of sympathy.

"I found her by chance—quite by chance," said Mr. Gerard in a whisper, as he showed Madge some small statues.

"I am a very lucky man. All my best models came to me by chance, and unsought. Do you know, Miss Gordon——"

Madge looked up at him as he stopped.

"Yes?"

"I was going to say that if you will some day permit me to copy your face, I shall count it one of my happiest chances."

Madge smiled at him gravely.

"You shall copy me whenever you please, Mr. Gerard."

"Thank you," he said, in his grave, musical voice. He went up to the young girl, placed her in position, and, going to his rotary-table, on which stood her rough likeness in clay, fell to work.

Madge watched with a keen interest which, as he had prophesied, carried her out of herself.

While she was marveling at the skill with which he worked, at the subtle power with which, by a few movements of his dexterous fingers, he reproduced the form and features of his model, her attention was distracted by a peculiar sound in the yard outside the studio.

The sculptor, though apparently absorbed in his work, noticed that her attention had strayed.

"What you hear is one of my men cutting a marble block into shape."

"I did not know what it was," she said.

"No?" he said, glancing at his model, and working the clay in his supple fingers, "By the sound—you know, by the way, that a sculptor can recognize each of his workmen by the sound of his mallet?"

"No," said Madge. "Is that true?"

"Quite. I'll prove it to you. I have four workmen, men who do the rough work of shaping the blocks into something like human form."

"I thought a sculptor did it all," said Madge.

Mr. Gerard smiled at her innocent ignorance.

"Consider!" he said, "It takes a man several days to hew a rough block of marble into something like shape, and while a man can be hired for three or four shillings a day, it would not pay—to use the current slang—a sculptor to work so much time,

so he employs strong, trustworthy men to shape the blocks for him."

"I see," said Madge, still intent upon his nimble fingers, and the silent, motionless model. "How stupid you must think me!"

"Not at all," he said, glancing at her with a smile, but returning to his work as if he begrudged every moment. "But to return to what I was saying. I asserted that I can tell my men by the sound of their mallets. Now, look out of the window—— But stop! I'll describe this particular man, and then you shall look at him and see if I am right or wrong."

Madge smiled.

"Very well," she said, "I will not look until you have described him."

"He is a tall, stalwart man, young, and particularly handsome," said the sculptor, still working with his clay, and apparently engrossed by his work. "Although he is dressed in the rough blouse which all sculptor's 'rough' men wear, he looks a gentleman—more, a patrician. He has short, curly hair, dark, dreamy eyes—too dreamy——"

"Why do you say that?" asked Madge.

"Well, if I am right in my guess, it is a young fellow whom by chance—chance again, you see!—I picked up at the docks."

"At the docks?" said Madge.

"Yes," said Mr. Gerard. "Artists seek their models far and near. All is fish that comes to our net. Your true artist may find his finest inspiration in the features of some street flower girl or hawker of bootlaces. Our best pictures, our finest statues, have been painted and modelled from men and women met by chance, perhaps in the mud and mire of the slums. I saw this man—if my guess should be right, you will soon put it to the test—waiting with a hundred other men at the docks, waiting for work. I saw that he was strong, and that he was handsome, and so I engaged the poor fellow there and then. Sometimes he sits as a model, and sometimes he works in the marble yard."

"Why do you call him 'poor fellow'?" asked Madge.

Mr. Gerard paused in his work for a moment and sighed.

"For this reason: there is something wrong with him."

"Something wrong with him?"

"Yes. Oh, no! I see what you think I mean. No, he is not insane, not in the very least. He is intelligence itself. But he has lost his memory. He remembers nothing before a certain date, the date he was put on board a ship and brought to England."

"How terrible!" murmured Madge.

"Yes; is it not?" said the sculptor with a sigh. "As I said, he is a gentleman—more, an aristocrat—is as handsome as an Adonis, as gentle and sweet-natured as a young girl, and as perfectly intelligent of all present things as a human being could be; but of the past he knows nothing. It is just as if he had been born at the age of twenty. Now, look out of the window. Wait! I'll describe him again. Tall, stalwart, handsome, with dark eyes, and short curly hair, and, in short, what one does not expect to see in a sculptor's yard—a gentleman and a patrician. Now look."

Smiling, Madge went to the window. The warmth of the gas had produced a mist on it, and she had to wipe it with her handkerchief before she could see.

She peered out into the gray light of the December morning, and looked round the yard.

A young man stood in front of a block of marble, a chisel in one hand, a mallet in the other. His pose, natural and unstudied, might have served for a painter.

His face was turned from her, but as she looked he moved slightly, so that he almost faced her.

Madge looked, her eyes grew large with a strange expression in them, then she clutched at the window-frame and uttered a low cry that rang through the studio.

The face, the form, were those of Lord Norman!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKELETONS AT HOME.—Ward Beecher has said that "there are no troubles which have such a wasting and disastrous effect on the mind as those which must not be told, but which cause the mind to be continually rolling and turning over upon itself in ceaseless convolutions and unrest." A trouble of this nature is the skeleton which dwells—so says the proverb—in every man's house that skeleton which some of us keep in a cupboard in our domain, whose bones we hear rattling when the house is still and the silence of the night falls upon us.

The methods of dealing with our own especial collection of human bones are multiplied and various, and too many of us are in possession of a skeleton of some sort or kind. There are, however, a certain section who merely possess a family cat in a bag, the mouth of which none of the sensible members of the family open. A negro proverb hath it that "there are people who will help you to set your basket on your head because they want to see what is in it." So are there thousands who will offer you sympathy that they may have a peep at your secreted household cat, and when you have allowed it to be heard they hurry away to mutual friends to explain that there is now no possible doubt whatever that there is a concealed cat in your house.

To thousands of inferior minds there is no moral disgrace half as terrible as some social disgrace, and truly to the highest principled amongst us they are difficult to bear with any patience. In these days, alas! the poverty of gentlefolks is proverbial, yet it is a mistake to be continually airing one's impecuniosity; acquaintances soon get bored to death by it, and even friends admire one's reticence if one keeps it more or less to oneself! Whatever the skeleton of the home life is, it is better in the cupboard than out of it, as is also the family cat better in his bag than prowling about annoying the neighbors!

BLUNDERS.—Blunders that have hindered us may prove helps to our progress, if they are used aright. By disclosing to us our weakness and our dangers, they may incite us to better and wiser endeavors in the future. But, if we are to gain through our losses, we must look forward, and not backward. As soon as we see where we have been at fault in any particular, we must turn away from that error, without stopping to worry over it, and must press on all the more earnestly because of our lost time. Not until we reach the end of our life-course will it do for us to sit down and grieve that we have made so little progress. As long as there is any portion of the course to be traversed, our business is to be traversing it.

THE man who has been longest in the civil service of the Government is Isaac Bassett, the acting assistant doorkeeper of the United States Senate. Sixty-three years ago Daniel Webster had Bassett appointed a page in the Senate.

STRAINING AND RACKING your LUNGS and Throat with a rasping Cough, is but poor policy. Rather cure yourself with Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an excellent remedy for Asthma and Bronchitis.

Scientific and Useful.

COLDS.—A cold which shows itself by a chilly sensation may often be warded off by drinking a cup of water as hot as can be borne.

NEW GLASS.—A Swedish firm of glass-makers are producing a new kind of glass, presenting remarkable brilliancy and clearness. It is said to be composed of no fewer than fourteen different substances, of which the most important are boron and phosphorus.

MEASURING THE STATURE.—A scientific review says that the correct measure of the height of any individual may be ascertained by taking the distance from tip to tip of the fingers when the arms are extended. Artists consider that in an approximately perfect figure the total length of the body is seven times the length of head. The ear and nose are of equal length, and the forehead and the nose are nearly so.

A USEFUL KNIFE.—A knife is being brought out in England which has a nickel-plated handle. On this handle is stamped in remarkably plain letters the rates for letter and parcel postage, book for foreign postage, money orders, with also the rates for telegrams. The United States is a large country, but it would seem that there could be a special adaptation of this idea to the various localities and sections, and in some larger metropolitan districts time tables could be used with advantage.

WRITING ON A PILLOW.—Everyone who has had occasion to write while riding in a train will be interested in the fact that the disagreeable effects of the jarring of the carriage are greatly mitigated by writing on a pillow. The pillow may either be held on the lap or placed on a table. The pad of paper and the arm which guides the pen or pencil should both rest on the pillow. In this manner it will be found possible to write legibly and with comfort in an express train flying at full speed. The explanation depends upon the fact that the pillow tends to equalize the motion of the pen and paper.

Farm and Garden.

APPLES.—Apples trees should be pruned so that all parts may easily be reached by a spray; well-pruned trees allow free access of light and air among their branches, which prevents fungi from obtaining so strong a foot-hold.

STOCK.—Men who have made money from breeding and selling dairy stock have raised their standard of excellence right along, says an exchange, and every herd owner should see that his herd is better this year than it was last.

PLANTS.—Plants in the house will become dusty and the leaves will then be unable to properly perform their functions. All plants should be washed, or sprayed, twice a week with tepid water. To protect against mealy bug wash with strong soapsuds and in 15 minutes after rinse the plants well with clean water.

CLOVER.—The value of clover as manure may be shown by the fact that an acre of white clover contains 132 pounds of nitrogenous matter, and red clover 528 pounds, but white clover contains more mineral matter than the red. Compared with this average quality of barnyard manure contain about 50 pounds of nitrogenous matter per ton.

THE HORSES.—Keep a close watch on the work horses. Give them all necessary protection against bad-fitting or dirty collars. A writer suggests the use of strips of heavy felt under the traces, back bands, collars and head-stalls to prevent chafing. When these become rough and harsh from absorbing sweat and dirt, take them off and wash them.

PASTURE.—The advocate of turning cows out every day for exercise should watch a good cow in a good pasture the coming summer and see how much exercise, or rather how little she takes. She will feed far enough to satisfy her appetite, and then go far enough to find some favorite spot on which to lie down and ruminate, but no farther will she go except to seek for drink.

HOPE.

BY A. W.

What is it, when the days are dark and drear,
This charm which brightens many a weary hour,
Like as a dewdrop to the heated flow'r
It brings Content, and when it doth appear,
Hope lives anew—for all our thoughts of fear
Are lost. 'Tis surely Heaven's own dower,
This wondrous gift, possessed of wondrous power,
The tuneful Soul, whose voice is kind and clear.
Gently it falls upon the heart of Stone
Which softens 'neath its blessings manifold;
It Speaketh tender words of love alone,
This alchemist who turneth gray to gold;
And even Sorrows which we least condone,
Lose sadness in the promise life may hold.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(CONTINUED.)

LORD DANE came up wiping his forehead and looking, as she thought, rather annoyed.

"Has he been here?" he asked.

"He. Who?"

"He insisted upon my bringing him to you, confound him!" he went on. "I gave him the slip, but I shouldn't be surprised if he comes up by himself. Eh! Oh, I beg pardon. Of course, this is my dance," and away he whirled.

"What was it Dane meant?" she asked St. Aubyn.

"I don't know. I'll go and find out," and he rose.

"No, no," she said, "stay, please." He sat down again.

"I wish you'd come into the air," he said. "I am sure you are tired, Lady Dane."

She shook her head.

"Not in the least. I'd dance with Dane—if I might; but I suppose I dare not!"

"I suppose not," he said with a smile. "I wish I could beg for one; but I am only fit to dance by myself, and at the end of a chain, like other bears. Ah! here is Dane; and he has someone with him."

Dane came up. A man walked beside him, but Lyra scarcely glanced at the latter until Dane said with a certain grim reluctance—

"Lyra, let me introduce my cousin Chandos to you. He has only just come back from—— Where is it you have been skulk—staying?"

He turned as he put the question or he must have seen and remarked his wife's face.

With a smile she had risen to greet Dane's relation, her eyes resting with natural interest on his face for a moment, then she seemed turned to stone. She did not fail, did not scream, but stood with every muscle rigid; as Lot's wife might have stood the moment before her transformation into senseless salt.

The blood slowly, slowly, ebbed from her face, the light faded from her eyes.

"I have fainted," she thought. "Yes, that is it. I ought to have gone with Lord St. Aubyn into the fresh air. He is always wise. I have fainted, and I am dreaming, deliriously dreaming, that the man, Dane's cousin, is—Geoffrey Barle."

She stretched out her hand mechanically. Her fan was in it, and the fan dropped.

St Aubyn stooped and picked it up and held it, and unobtrusively fanned her.

"Your cousin Chandos?" she felt herself saying.

"Yes," said Dane, grimly, "just back like the Prodigal."

"Spare me, my dear Dane," she heard the voice say—that soft sleek voice she remembered so well and hated so unspeakably, "Spare me. Why is it that every man who returns from a holiday that is a little longer than usual is so promptly dubbed that long-tried and hackneyed title 'the Prodigal?' But, Prodigal or not, I am very glad to see you, Lady Armi—"

Then he stopped, and she felt, rather than saw, that he recognized her.

He went white to the lips, a greenish unwholesome white, and his jaw dropped for a moment. Then the color flooded his face, and his pale eyes grew red and hot as if the blood had rushed to his head; and he stood looking at her.

"Here, come on, and I'll find you a partner," said Dane.

"No, thanks," said Chandos. "It would be cruel to ask me in such a crowd. Perhaps Lady Dane will permit me to introduce myself more fully. We are—er—" he smiled—"relations, and should know each other."

"All right," said Dane, and he went off.

St. Aubyn handed Lyra her fan.

"I still advise you to go outside," he said in a low voice.

She looked at him as if she did not hear him, or did not understand.

He moved away, but was not out of sight. He had seen the change that had come over her. It was his duty to watch over her.

Chandos drew near and seated himself beside her. Instinctively she rose, but with a long breath and a shudder she sank down again.

"Lyra!" He bent his head towards her—like a loathsome snake, as it seemed to her. "Lyra!"

She did not turn her head.

He whispered her name once more.

"Lyra! You know me?"

Half unconsciously her lips opened, and she formed his name.

"Geoffrey Barle!"

He smiled, and passed his hand across his thin lips, a trick she remembered—and loathed!

"Yes, I am Geoffrey Barle, your husband," he whispered behind his hand. Then he laughed.

She rose and looked round wildly. St. Aubyn was by her side in a moment, as it seemed.

"Take me—take me—into—the air," she gasped.

"Permit me," he said to Chandos, and, drawing Lyra's arm within his so far that he literally supported her, he led her away.

Mr. Chandos looked after them, and then up at the ceiling, and then at Dane, whose head towered above a group at the other end of the room, and softly, reflectively gnawed his teeth.

"Dane's wife!" he muttered. "Dane's wife!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GEOFFREY BARLE—her husband!

Lyra leant against the balcony, and looked at the sky, in which the stars were beginning to pale before the approaching dawn, and tried to realize, to cope with this awful fact, this terrible calamity.

For a time it seemed to her that she must be the victim of some hideous night mare or hallucination. It could not, could not be true that Geoffrey Barle had come to life again. Why, if it was him, then—then she, Lyra, was not Dane's wife! She who loved him so, loved him far better than her own life; who would be the mother of his child—not his wife! She put her hands to the sides of her head, and rocked to and fro in her agony. St. Aubyn picked up the shawl of Indian silk which her gesture had displaced, and put it over her shoulders.

"You are tired out, Lady Dane," he said. "Shall I get you a glass of wine? I wish to heaven these people would go." And he glanced towards the ballroom angrily.

"No, no," she said; then she changed her mind. "Yes, get me some wine."

He went and brought her a glass of champagne, and almost held it to her lips, for her hand was shaking as if with ague; and as he ministered to her with all a man's gentleness and a woman's patience, he asked himself what had happened to her. She had seemed to break down during her introduction to Chandos Armitage. Surely the man's presence had not upset her? Why should it do so?

"I think you should be in bed, Lady Dane," he said. "Why not go? I will fetch Dane."

"No, no," she said quickly, "give me a little time to think, to breathe—do not fetch him yet," and her voice grew almost pleading.

St. Aubyn was puzzled as well as anxious. Her exhaustion seemed to be as much mental as physical.

"You have been doing too much," he said. "You are not used to this confounded life, this endless round of tire which some of us call pleasure; this turning of night into day, and day into night. You are too good to be sacrificed to such a life." There was an angry impatient ring in his low voice which roused her.

"Yes, that is it; it is the late hours," she said, "and I am not used to it. It was all new to me." She made an effort to compose herself, to rally from that awful shock which the sight of Geoffrey Barle had inflicted, and partially succeeded. "Take me back now," she said. "How good and patient you always are with me, Lord St. Aubyn," she added. "Oh, what it is to have a friend!" And she turned her tearless, burning eyes upon him for a moment with sad gratitude.

"I don't know anything about my goodness and patience, Lady Dane," he said, "but you are quite right when you say that I am your friend. That goes without saying; and as a friend I wish you were out of this, and in the quietude of your own room. I can see that you are ill."

"Ill? Do you think so? Do I look ill?" she asked.

"I am compelled to answer yes," he said gravely. "You want rest, immediate rest, and you must have it. I am glad to say that the people are clearing out."

They were going rapidly. He stood beside her, ready to catch her if she should fail, and, indeed, it seemed to him not unlikely that she would, as she speeded the parting guests; and presently, very quickly, though it appeared to be hours to him, the great crowd had melted—he had been saying good-night in the hall—came up with a smile on his lips to congratulate his darling on the great success of the evening, but at sight of her white haggard face stopped short, aghast.

"Lyra!"

She tried to smile.

"I am all right," she said. "I am only tired, that is all, is it not, Lord St. Aubyn?" And she turned to him with a feverish

eagerness. Lord St. Aubyn nodded, his grave eyes resting on her lovely, but drawn and weary face, anxiously.

"I am afraid Lady Dane is quite knocked up," he said. "Will you let me send in the doctor, Dane?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Lyra; but Dane answered in the affirmative with a glance, and St. Aubyn passed down the stairs.

Dane took her in his arms.

"My dear girl, what is it?" he murmured with loving solicitude; "you are worn out! What a blind, stupid idiot I am not to have thought of it, and to have taken better care of you."

She resigned herself to his embrace, and lay in his arms for a moment or two like a weary child, her head resting against his heart, her white arms round his neck. Then suddenly the thought smote her, "Geoffrey Barle, my husband, is alive!" and with a convulsive shudder she tore herself from his arms and shrank away from him.

Greatly alarmed, he tried to take her to him again, but she shrank still farther back.

"No, no!" she panted, "don't—don't touch me—don't come near me!"

He went white.

"Lyra!"

"My dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, coming up to them.

Lyra turned to her and grasped her arm.

"Take me away—at once!" she panted huskily. "I—I am ill. It—it may be some fever. Don't—don't let him come near me."

Mrs. Leslie put her arm round her, and signed to Dane not to approach.

"Come with me, my dear," she said. "Yes, you look ill."

Lyra paused after a few steps and looked back at Dane, standing like stone where she had thrust him.

"Don't—don't mind me, Dane," she said, with a piteous attempt at a smile. "I—I am not well; I scarcely know what I am saying."

"My darling!" and he took a step towards her.

"No, no!" she breathed, with a shudder. "You must not come near me. But Dane —" she put her hand to her throat—"Dane, you—you know I—I love you!"

"Lyra!"

She panted as if for breath.

"And—and you love me, Dane; you will —will not hate me whatever—whatever happens?"

He would have taken her in his arms again; but Mrs. Leslie shook her head warningly.

"Do not excite her," she said gravely. "Let her go alone with me. And get the doctor," she added in a whisper.

Dane met St. Aubyn and the famous physician, Sir Andrew Parke, a few yards from the house; and Dane and St. Aubyn paced the empty ballroom waiting for his report.

"I cannot understand it," Lord Dane said over and over again. "She was all right when I left her about an hour before the ball broke up. I thought she looked rather pale and tired when I introduced Chandos to her, but—but I did not think she was dreadfully ill. Why—why she talked quite wildly, you know." And he looked piteously at St. Aubyn, who walked beside him grave and silent.

Sir Andrew came back to them at last.

"There is no cause for alarm, Lord Armitage," he said, answering Dane's look. "Her ladyship is overtired; nervous exhaustion has produced some fever. She will need rest—complete rest and quiet."

He looked down at the polished floor which had so recently been pressed by hundreds of dancing feet, and thought for a moment. "There has been no mental shock—no unusual excitement of late, I suppose?"

Dane stared at him with surprise."

"Shock?" he repeated. "No, certainly not; what could there be?"

"Just so," assented the courtly physician. "I asked because Lady Armitage's condition answered to that produced by some sudden mental disturbance. There has been none, you say?"

Dane shook his head emphatically. "No, none whatever. You have been near Lyra all the evening, St. Aubyn; you know of nothing to upset her, do you?"

St. Aubyn shook his head.

"Nothing," he said gravely. "Lady Dane appeared quite well—a little tired perhaps—until just before the close of the ball."

"Just so," said Sir Andrew. "It is possible that she may have taken a chill. But I think that the feverish conditions are attributable to nervous prostration. She must be kept quiet. I should leave her to her maid and—well, yes, one other person, Mrs. Leslie, say, for the next few days."

"Do you mean that I am not to see her?" demanded Dane aghast.

Sir Andrew inclined his head. "I am afraid I must lay an embargo on you, of all others," he said. "There must be no risk of excitement, and your presence would be dangerous. She herself seems anxious that you should not see her. It is, of course, a symptom of her peculiar condition. The nerves—the nerves, my dear Lord Armitage, are our great trouble nowadays. As soon as she is well enough to be moved, we must take her into the country. I think I will come in again in the morning—that is, a little later on, for it is morning now. Pray do not be alarmed," he added, in his well known, kindly fashion; "there is no cause for apprehension. Rest, quiet and change, and above all the absence of all excitement, will soon restore her ladyship."

Dane sank on to a settee, and looked up at St. Aubyn.

"Is he speaking the truth, or—or only deceiving me?" he said, fearfully. "I—I love her so, that—that—that——"

St. Aubyn laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Don't give way," he said, in his grave voice. "That isn't like you, Dane."

Dane sighed, and forced a smile.

"Why, man; you are as white as a ghost yourself!" he said.

St. Aubyn colored and winced.

"She must go away," Dane went on, "as soon as she can be moved. I will take her to Highfield directly, the very first moment it is possible. I say, old fellow, I wish you'd go down and see that it is all ready, will you? I can't leave here, though I mustn't see her."

"Certainly," responded St. Aubyn, and as a matter-of course.

Chandos had sat where Lyra had left him for a quarter of an hour, then he had left the house and gone home.

The first thing he did on reaching his chambers was to mix himself a stiff glass of brandy and water, and it was not until he had consumed this and "one to follow," that he could pull himself together and realize the situation.

It was so astounding, so melo-dramatic a one that it had overwhelmed and confused him. It seemed incredible. During the months he had been skulking about the least frequented parts of the Continent —sometimes in Spain, sometimes in Mexico, then, as he grew bolder, in Switzerland and France—he had scarcely thought of Lyra. The whole "incident" had ended so disastrously for him that, as is the fashion with weak-minded men, he had tried to forget it. He had had anything but a pleasant time of it; had missed those little luxuries which are the necessities of his temperament; had missed his club, his saunter down Pall Mall, his little circle of admiring acquaintances—in short, had been as uncomfortable as a fish out of water. He longed and pined for home, as many an exile before him had done, and the day he chanced upon an old London paper, and read, in the "Provincial" column of the finding of the dead body in the Yaw and its supposed identification, he started for London. On his way thither he read, in Galignani, of the great social success of the Viscountess Armitage, and so was informed of Dane's marriage.

With a curse he flung the paper from him.

"No chance of my coming into the title now," he muttered. "There's sure to be a whole pack of children."

And he arrived in London in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, glad as he was to find himself there.

The first thing he heard of was Lady Armitage's great ball, and it occurred to him that it would be a good opportunity for his re-entry into London society. Besides, he was rather curious to see Dane's wife, though it didn't matter to him in the slightest whom Dane had married; whoever she was she would, no doubt, effectually cut him, Chandos, out of all chance of the Staminster peerage.

And Dane had married Lyra Chester!

Over his brandy and water he managed, at last, to realize this fact; then he began to ask himself a series of questions. And first of all came the one: "Did she believe him, Chandos, to be dead?" Yes, there could be no doubt of that. Her face, the look of horror and amazed incredulity in the lovely eyes as they rested on him, evidenced that. She had looked as if she had seen a ghost.

Mr. Chandos chuckled.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "she thought she had got rid of me, that's certain. And now, has she told Dane? No," he muttered, "Dane would not have received me even as amiably as he did. He would have chucked me out instead of introducing me to his wife. She hasn't told him, and she believes in that—that marriage! She thinks I am her husband! And now, the question is, what will she do? Will she tell Dane?"

He pondered over this for hours, while the gray dawn changed to rosy sunrise, and peered through the chinks of the blind upon his flushed face, and he came to the conclusion that whether she confessed to Dane or not depended very much upon him, Chandos.

"I must be careful," he muttered, "very careful. I don't quite see my way yet, but it seems to me that I have a decent hand, and that if I can play it properly I may win the game. Here's Dane's wife under the impression that I'm her dead husband turned up again and afraid to say a word. If I could only bring about a separation—there's only Dane between me and the title—by Jove! if I could only see my way——" He mixed himself another glass and lit a fresh cigarette. Speaking about the by-ways of the Continent had not improved Mr. Chandos' habits, and he drank and smoked a great deal more than he had been wont to do. "If I could only see my way! At any rate, the first thing I must do is to persuade her to keep her

[illegible]

[illegible] Dane [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

spoke, and Lyra felt Chandos' eyes fixed upon her with a significant frown, which she fully understood. It conveyed a threat.

"I—I am all right now, Dane. Ask, ask Mr."—she had almost said "Barle"—"Chandos to dine with us."

A faint smile of triumph curved Chandos' thin lips. In those few words she had acknowledged herself his slave.

"I should very much like to come," he said, softly, deferentially. "That is when Lady Dane is really strong enough to have me."

"I am quite strong," she faltered.

"Well, let it stand over for the present," said Dane. "You won't think us inhospitable, Chandos. I'll send you a line when Lady Dane is really well enough—that is if you are still staying here; but I suppose you'll be off soon. You don't stay long in one place, do you?"

"Not long usually," said Chandos, blandly; "but"—he looked at Lyra, who seemed incapable of withdrawing her eyes from his—"there's never been special attractions for me."

"I see," said Dane, gathering the reins together. "All right, I'll write to you. Send us a copy of your book when it comes out," and he drove off.

"Confound the fellow!" he said, as he glanced at Lyra, and noticed her increased pallor. "Why couldn't he have kept out of the way?" The meeting has upset you, dearest, hasn't it?"

"No," she said, avoiding the tender consideration of his eyes. "No. Why—why were you so cold to him?"

She could scarcely frame the question.

"Oh, I don't like him," he said. "I think I told you something about his character, didn't I? I can't go into any particulars, but Chandos is—well, is not a very desirable acquaintance, though I suppose we must show him decent civility. But there isn't any need to ask him to Highfield."

She breathed hard. The threat conveyed by Chandos' look drove her on desperately.

"I—I should like him to come," she said.

He stared at her.

"Oh, you only say that because he is a relation—a cousin," he said.

Her hands writhed together under the sable rug.

"No," she said, "why should he not come? I am quite well now, and I should not like him or anyone to think that we were inhospitable. Ask him to come to-morrow night, Dane."

He gnawed at his moustache.

"Ask him!" she repeated, with a kind of feverish impatience, which at once frightoned him into acquiescence.

"Very well, dearest," he said soothingly, "I will drop him a line. After all, you need not come down or see him if you do not feel up to it. St. Aubyn will be down to-morrow, and he and I can entertain him—confound him," he added under his breath.

Lyra sunk back and closed her eyes. When and how would it end, this horror which hung over them both like a thick, suffocating cloud?

As he helped her out of the phaeton and up the stairs to her room she put her hand on his arm. "You will write to—your cousin?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, yes," he said. Then he put his arm round her wistfully. "Give me a kiss, Lyra. It—it is a long time since you kissed me, dearest."

Her eyes filled with tears, and she held her face to him; then, withdrawing herself from his arms, went into her room.

The crisis was at hand. She felt it in every nerve; but instead of crushing her to the earth, as it would have done a fortnight ago, the conviction seemed to bring her into a kind of fictitious strength. The gentle stag, when brought to bay, will turn upon its pursuers; weak woman in her dire extremity will often display more than a giant's courage. She would gather up all her strength, would face this awful trouble, would end it, one way or the other. To Mrs. Leslie's great surprise and delight Lyra seemed much stronger and more like herself that evening.

"It is the drive, my dear," she said joyously. "Please God, we shall have you quite well and strong again in a day or two."

"Oh, yes," said Lyra, absently.

Reluctantly enough Dane sent the invitation to Chandos.

"That cousin of mine, Chandos Armitage, is staying at the inn here, and nothing would satisfy Lyra but that I must invive him to dinner to night," he said to St. Aubyn when he came down to Highfield that same evening. "We met him lounging outside the inn, and Lyra fancied that we ought to be hospitable."

"I don't know much about him," said St. Aubyn. "But will Lady Dane be well enough to receive him?"

"I don't know. But it doesn't matter. You will help me through with him. I can't say much in his favor. Hang the fellow! He's no credit to us; a shady customer with a plausible manner that fetches some people. I suppose he made an agreeable impression upon Lyra."

"Lady Dane is too clever to be taken in by anyone, however plausible he may be," said St. Aubyn quietly.

"You think so," said Dane; "and yet she insisted—insisted is the word—upon my asking him."

"Lady Dane is kindness itself," said St. Aubyn laconically. "but she need not come down. She is better, you say;" and he proceeded to ask Dane particulars just as a brother might have done.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

A novel scheme to provide bread for the poor was recently successfully tested in Flint, Mich. There were 150 competitors among the ladies of the city to see who could bake the best loaf, each contestant to make three loaves, the winner to receive a valuable prize, and the bread to be given to the poor. The winner of the contest was the wife of the Mayor.

One hears a great deal these days about the devotion of the race to money getting, and the indifference of men of wealth to the needs of their poorer brethren, but statistics just compiled show that during last year more than thirteen million dollars was bequeathed to charitable, missionary and educational institutions in this country, to say nothing of the millions given to charity by generous persons whom death has spared to continue to do good to their fellow men.

The late Count de Lesseps never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast, a beautiful Dresden tea cup was broken. "Ah!" cried the Countess, "a disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so." "Are you so superstitious," asked the Count, "as really to believe that two more will be broken?" "I know it." "Then let us get it off our minds." And, taking two of the cups by the handles, he dashed them together. The anger and dismay of the Countess proved conclusively that she had not seriously held to her superstition. It also loosed any hold the absurd idea may have had on the minds of the children.

According to an analysis made by the Civic Federation of Chicago there are included in the population of that city 60,000 opium eaters, 40,000 homeless women, 10,000 thieves, 10,500 gamblers and 68 Aldermen. Yet there is room for the belief that Chicago in her personnel is not so black as these figures would paint her, since the computation of homeless women as compared with the national census of those over sixteen years of age in that city would make two in every seven of them vagrants—an impossible conclusion.

A strange freak of the dinner-hour is reported as happening in Paris, that city of surprises. The dinner, says the account, was apparently intended to depict the feeding-time at the Zoological Gardens. Every guest had to disguise himself or herself as an animal. The result was that leopards and lobsters, birds and insects, swimming things and climbing things, and all manner of savage beasts sat down to the table. One man went as a drake, one woman as a panther, and the dresses were remarkably real. It was a queer dinner company.

The Duchess of York does not stay at home any more than she's obliged to for, settling down with George is evidently a bore, and so she has now gone to visit the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, leaving hubby to travel down to Sandringham with the baby and his retinue of nurses. It is beginning to dawn on the British matron that the duchess is not domestic, and what's worse she will not simulate the motherly affection she does not feel. When England wakes up to the knowledge that Princess May, having done her duty, now expects to be let alone, it will be a sad day for the Yorks.

A Canadian Government Geological Surveyor in a recent journey to the shores of the Hudson Bay discovered a hitherto unknown tribe of Eskimo, which had in some manner become separated from their brethen on the coast. They subsist mainly on reindeer meat, of which they can obtain an abundant supply with but little effort, as reindeer run through the reigon in vast herds. These Inland Eskimos have not intermixed with the Indians, but live by themselves as a general rule, and do not pursue the hunt for barter, being satisfied to live on the food that the chase furnitures. They use the skins of the reindeer for clothing.

A Boston paper gives various theories as to the meaning of the word "Dingbats." One writer, who spent his boyhood in Maine, thinks it means to spank, because his mother when getting ready to use the slipper threatened to put the "dingbats" on him. From Wilbraham Academy comes the explanation that it means the breakfast biscuit, which the students dispose of by sticking it to the under side of the table, throwing it at the heads of other students or eating it. A Connecticut pupil states that to receive punishment at the hands of the teacher is known as "getting the dingbats." Two Philadelphians agree that it means money, as in the sentence "I've got the dingbats for it." But New Hampshire agrees with Maine that it meant spanking, and so the majority appears to side with the maternal slipper. It is from such "little acorns" that the tall tree of our almost cosmopolitan language has grown. We got "blizzard" from the West, "kuklux" from the South, 'boom" from the ambitious cities, "crank" from the eccentric minds in every part of the country and "pantata" from Italy. "Dingbats" is going to be a great convenience.

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Concerning Honor.

There are words that have laid a dozen faces when we try to read their meaning and that mock us by their finely-shaded changes. It can hardly be said that honor is as bad as that, for its meanings are fairly well separated; but it has them in confusing number, so it is necessary that we should be precise in distinguishing the honor to which we are now referring. We mean innate honor, a fine sense of right conduct, the combined delicacy and strength of character which lets what is righteous and do it, the personal integrity that faithfully obeys its best impulses. Milton has the phrase "with native honor clad;" it is of that honor, considered in its relation to character, that we write.

A rarer form of the sense of honor is the power of keeping a secret, and rarer yet the self-control that restrains one from prying into another person's secret. To know the difference between "thine" and "mine" in the myriad intimate forms in which the question arises apart from property requires a keenly sensitive nature, and it is no uncommon thing to find that the man or woman who has proved strictly honorable in one capacity will fail in other directions to perceive that certain conduct is mean and thieving. A man may have a secret that is dearer to him than money can express, and, out of pure wantonness or carelessness or [illegible] gossip, the acquaintance who has found out the secret or guessed it may make it public.

The sense of honor is tainted in this particular direction. It is the same with the prying woman. She cannot keep off other people's ground. She has not known women of the most perfect honesty so far as money was concerned who would thieve information and could not be convinced of the meanness of the action? The best of landladies will sometimes be unable to resist the temptation to master the secrets of the careless man who occupies her apartments. She means no harm, and fails to realize the dishonorableness of her curiosity. Only gentlemanliness or ladyhood will preserve one from all personal intrusion and carry honor into every act.

If any reader is inclined to exclaim against pursuing honor into these narrow and intricate by-paths, if he thinks that it rightly concerns only the greater affairs of life, we would reply that practical discussion of character and life must constantly descend to details. Here are more of them. The subtlest mode of subverting a man's honor is by bribery. Are you quite sure that you are impervious to bribery? Is that love of honor which you cherish in your heart wholly untarnished?

Do not be indignant; of course we do not mean that you have ever sold your conscience or freedom for pelf. Honor does not admit of such gross bargains. It is infinitely more subtle and insinuating ways that temptations to compromise with a perfect honor come.

That maddening cynicism, "Every man has his price," is only true if the price be carefully concealed and the man bought be cajoled. You feel absolutely convinced that a certain personage is—well, if not a knave, at least not a man whom you can countenance; but he sets himself to win you, and by-and-by you feel that it would be churlish if you insisted on your scruples. You have been bribed by conciliation and kindness. It is no easy matter for the most sensitive of us to keep honor perfectly bright against the breath of flattery and good nature, though it may be easy to resist opposition. To the weak [illegible] is impossible.

Perhaps the most frequent and perplexing doubts respecting points of honor haunt us in our love-affairs. Here the adventurer enters a region that he must explore alone and without guidance. His love is an individual matter, yet vague and often crossed by doubts. The commonest of love difficulties that [illegible] of a man or woman, to the test is found in the question, Ought any consideration to cause people to marry where love is doubtful? A young fellow writes into a flirtation with a girl—or the sexes may be reversed according to our reader's liking—until at last he finds that her affections are fixed on him, yet he is well aware that he does not care for her as he would wish to care for the woman whom he hopes to make his wife; she does not fulfil his ideal in several ways, some important. Is he bound in honor to marry her because he has in thoughtless dalliance gained her love? Can any considerations overweigh the great fact that there is a perfect interchange of affection? Ought a man to run the risks of unhappiness for honor's sake? Is honor involved? It is through questions of this character that points of honor most practically affect human happiness.

We suspect that many a thoroughly congenial marriage—as events have turned out—has been made for honor's sake, rather than in love, because where one loves and the other has a fine sense of duty there are the elements of a happy life. **We cannot do ourselves a worse hurt than to slight our honor. Shakespeare said that good name—what others think of us—is "the most immediate jewel of the soul." Is it? Is it not rather honor?**

GENERALLY people reserve the graces of life for a few—either friends whom they delight to honor or strangers whom they desire to attract—while in the presence of others they will be cold or curt in demeanor, careless or even unkind in their intercourse. Why should the beauty of social life be thus restricted to occasional seasons and special persons? It costs neither money nor time nor labor, yet it scatters untold happiness wherever it appears, and it may be the heritage of all who care to possess it and are willing to extend it.

WHAT is the real cause of the dishonor is which we hold the lottery, the drinking-bar, prize-fighting, and certain kinds of speculation? Is it not that they in no wise promote the welfare of humanity, but only transfer money from one pocket to another, or develop some of the lowest and most brutal instincts? Infinitely more valuable and honorable is the work of the humblest laborer who ploughs a furrow or mends a road or cleans a street, thus contributing his share to the health or comfort or nourishment of mankind.

THERE are a great many people who love under a mistake. They bring to the persons they love what they love. They flood them with their own imagination. They make them beautiful by that which they passionately imagine of them. Then, after a little while, when they come to realities, love falls off, and they find that they have made the greatest mistake of life.

ALL work which crosses the track of conscience promotes unrest. Work which a man has to make allowances for and which puts him on the defensive with his own conscience is wearisome. To rest well, a man must be on good terms with himself. If apologies are necessary, it is not possible to have an idle mind.

HE that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself or with others. Constant success shows us but one side of life, for, as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only of our merits, so it silences those from whom we can learn our faults.

SILENCE may be golden, or it may be leaden. It may be the silence of wisdom and self-mastery, or it may be the silence of stupidity and cowardice—the silence of the owl or the silence of the sphinx.

TEARS are often to be found where there is little sorrow, and the deepest sorrow frequently has no tears.

SUCCESS has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

UNDER the shadow of the various forms of Christianity, and sometimes remaining under their protection, there have sprung up a series of philosophical and religious systems, which cut at the root of all belief in the Divinity of Christ, and undermine faith in a personal God by a system of covert or uncovert Pantheism. Of the latest developments of this sort of progressive belief, which is really unbelief under a decent disguise, is the set of opinions known by the name of Theosophy. It is at present the fashion, both in England and America. Its Oriental origin throws over it a charm of mystery, and its veiled prophets in the Valley of Thibet are too far away to allow of their character being inquired into.

Theosophy regards the universe as a transitory manifestation of the Eternal Reality whence all else proceeds, and into which it ultimately returns.

The spirit or divine soul of man is a spark of the One Eternal Existence, "undifferentiated from its parent fire, and, therefore, alike for every human being." This spark has to pass through various forms, until at length it reaches the human stage; and, from this stage, its further development is a matter of personal endeavor on the part of the individual man. He has to win for himself, or rather for that principle which is within him, which is his Ego, his true self, that final perfection in which his lower nature will be suppressed, and his higher nature will be once more absorbed in the Eternal Reality from which he originally proceeded. This gradual advance to perfection involves a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations. During each of these, the individual surrounds himself with a certain environment, with a cloud of "Thought Forms."

They are the collective result of all his actions, words, thoughts, during the whole period of his life. It is these which determine the character and environment of his next stage of existence. If he has lived a life of virtue and merit, he will, on arrival at the next stage, find himself encompassed with a cloud of beneficent thought-forms which will aid him to a still further and nobler struggle after the higher life, and will hasten his advance toward the final goal. Thus advancing, he deserves, at length, to be reckoned among the Mahatmas or great souls, the saints and demigods of Theosophy, to whom the unexplained wonders of modern science—the phenomena of Spiritualism, Hypnotism, Thought-reading, etc., are the merest A B C of knowledge. The Mahatma has the power of seeing that which is invisible to the eyes of ordinary men. He can read the thoughts of men, and that at a distance. Space is no barrier to his activity. He can transport himself hither and thither with lightning speed, and has almost unqualified control of the forces of material nature.

After a certain number of these successive reincarnations the final stage is reached. In the case of the man whose course has eventually led him on to perfection, the great reward to which he at length attains, is the privilege of Nirvana or absorption into the Eternal Reality from which he at first came. But this absorption does not involve the loss of individuality. If, on the contrary, the unhappy man has pursued a downward course, his only prospect is the terrible doom of annihilation.

But there are degrees of perfection even in the sublime virtue of the Mahatmas. They are all regenerators of humanity, but there are some who are prominent above all their fellows, as having attained a more complete conformity to the Divine Nature. These latter are termed "Nirmanakayas." Among them are the founders of new religions, which introduce into the world a higher type of morality than existed previously. Thus Buddha, Confucius, and Jesus Christ were all of them Nirmanakayas. Each deliberately sacrified himself to become incarnate, and to live and suffer here on earth for the good of men.

The Theosophists assert no less than seven distinct components of man. Of these, four are transitory and perishable, three eternal and imperishable. The perishable elements are the physical body, the vital principle, the astral body, and the animal soul. The three imperishable principles are the spirit, the spiritual soul, and the mind. The four perishable principles form the personality of man, the three imperishable his individuality. The "Adepts," who constitute a privileged circle below the Mahatmas, have the power of projecting their astral bodies to a distance and of holding intercourse with members of the Brotherhood at a distance, through the medium of their astral senses.

We must not conclude without a few words concerning the central doctrine of "Karma," a term indicating the unvarying chain of cause and effect that governs the universe, in the spiritual as in the physical world. It is not fatalism; for Theosophy asserts most distinctly the freedom of human action. It is the moral order, nothing less than the inexorable law of retribution. It is the law laid down by St. Paul in the words, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But Theosophy differs from other religions in the absolute universality of the law. Reward and punishment have no place in its systems, except so far as the good man brings upon himself by the inexorable law of Karma the happiness that he has worked out for himself, and the evil man, by the same law, drags himself down to a continually lower level, until he completely extinguishes the divine spark within and brings about his annihilation. There is no mercy, no forgiveness of sin. The law of Karma is blind, automatic, and non-intelligent. The same law extends to the intellectual nature: the Thought-forms with which a man surrounds himself determine his disposition, inclinations, temperament, and natural ability in the next succeeding stage.

FISH-FIGHTS IN SIAM.—The favorite sport in Siam is fish-fighting. Betting on fish-fights is such a passion with the Siamese that they will stake, not only all their money and their goods, but even their wives and children.

The right to keep fighting-fish is bestowed only by the king, and is so highly paid for that the royal coffers derive a large revenue from granting the requisite licenses.

The fighting-fish are little things, not thicker than a child's finger, but they are full of "fight," and fly at each other with the utmost ferocity as soon as they are let into the same water.

In Annam, too, the same amusement prevails. There the fish are kept in large clear glass bottles of water, and if one of the bottles is placed before a mirror the vicious little fish, taking his own reflection to be the enemy, goes nearly mad with excitement at his inability to get at the adversary.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

P. P.—Red coats was the name given by the Americans in the Revolutionary war, to the British soldiery, in allusion to their scarlet uniform.

L. P.—Brigham Young died on August 29, 1877; the date of his birth was June 1, 1801; the place, Wittingham, Vermont. At the time of his death he had twenty wives and sixty-four children.

J. L.—Ask the lady to do you the honor of allowing you to accompany her home. The usual form is "May I have the pleasure of escorting you home?" but it is not absolutely necessary to confine yourself strictly to such a mode of expression.

W. A.—Seamen rank ropes under two descriptions—cable-laid and hawser laid. The former are composed of nine strands, or three great strands, each consisting of three small ones; the latter are made with three strands, each composed of a certain number of rope-yarns.

Y. N. M.—The words "facetious" and "abstemious" contain all the vowels in their regular order. Whey used as adverbs, by the addition of the syllable "ly," they furnish the other occasional vowel, y; but we know of no word in which all of these and w may be found.

MINA.—Nervousness arises from many causes, and it would be well to allow a good physician to diagnose your case. Having thus ascertained its origin he can understandingly prescribe a remedy, which could not be done by a non-professional or one who has no knowledge of your present state of health or surroundings.

C. W. T.—A young lady who cannot tell when a gentleman loves her is not worthy of the attentions paid her, and should be condemned to a life of single-blessedness. Women do not need to be guided by any rules in such cases; their intuitive wisdom always teaches them the exact moment when they may render their adorers abject slaves of their will.

C. R.—Iphigenia was the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who, standing as a victim ready to be sacrificed to appease the rage of Diana, was, by that goddess, transformed into a white hart, carried to Tauris, and made her priestess. The wrath of Diana was caused by the killing, by Agamemnon, of a stag in her grove, and the sacrifice of Iphigenia was deemed indispensable to propitiate the gods.

JOAN.—"Making a mark" in lieu of a signature is of very ancient origin, and was not confined in former times to those who could not write. It was a symbol, and the person making the sign of the cross was supposed to pledge himself by his Christian faith, and not merely by his honor, as a heathen, or infidel, to the truth of what he subscribed. Thus, while people write their names who are able so to do, it is still called by the old term "signing" the name.

N. V.—Mount Everest, a peak of the Himalayas, is generally considered the highest ascertained point on the surface of the globe, but some authorities claim that Mount Hercules, a peak discovered a few years ago in Papua, overtops the above-mentioned elevation. Mount St. Elias, standing on the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, is the highest in the United States and North America. Some authorities claim that its real height is 14,970 feet, but it is generally believed to reach an altitude of 17,000 feet. The Amazon River is the longest and largest river in the world; the Mississippi ranks next.

I. AND M.—If you think that the fact of your both being good-looking girls is sufficient recommendation for the stage, you will find you are greatly mistaken. We should certainly not advise you to think of such a thing. Education is essential to an actor or actress nowadays, and we should not judge from your letter that you had received an education in any way suitable for the profession. Besides, of course, mere education is not sufficient: it is necessary to have talent to get on at all: and lastly; you want interest. If you have these three essentials, you may possibly make your way in the profession, but at the best it is a very precarious means of earning a living.

HAYDOO.

[illegible]

Deaf and Dumb.

MR. HARRY MARTINSON, the painter, was a son of old Betty Martinson, of the cottage in the north road, about a mile and a half from Milverston. He was a school-fellow and school-friend of my cousin Davie; they [illegible] with each other considerably; for both were geniuses in their way, both were misunderstood individuals, and both loved encouragement in their vocations. Harry Martinson, it seemed, had a certain amount of the same admiration for the artistic taste in painting his mother's cabins and whitewashing walls with, as part of ornament, and was provided with a small allowance to enable him to pursue his studies under a master in London.

We heard great reports of his wonderful genius, and such perspectives of future success, that Milverston began to think that it had produced a second Michael Angelo. Miss Sarah, Mr. Rosenthal and Sir Bertram Sinclair each gave him a commission for a picture; and the three, when completed, were exhibited in the town. We all looked to see them. I proved to a demonstration.

The first, intended to be presented as an altar-piece to the new church of Milverston, certainly represented a great subject, that of King Nebuchadnezzar and the furnace of fire; but the drawing of the [illegible] and the figure of the [illegible] which had been devoured in the conflagration of the three—the utmost was done to that before the [illegible] were more delicious than grand. The second work, destined for the hall of Sycamore Manor, was a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] against the Judgment of Solomon, and the irritation of the lean lady was marvellous.

This was not, perhaps, intentional, it was the manner with which Mrs. Sarah looked at the work, and "common sweeping in such treatment," but why should the king, the soldiers, and the witnesses, all, look diseased, as if in a high state of [illegible] ex-[illegible]? Why should so many of the figures be left out of [illegible] and impossible attitudes? Why finally should the king have a pallid, unearthly air, and everybody else a ruddy [illegible] of nothing?

The third presentation was a marriage-feast. In the centre I exhibited a princess and man chained to a post; a terrible wessel in the foreground was [illegible] forward a pirate and [illegible] human. [illegible] he had "burst a vein" or the [illegible] apparently, of his making her set free to the [illegible]. I had the nightmare after seeing that picture. Sir Bertram presented it to the Mechanics' Institute, where it now hangs, covering half one side of the [illegible]-room. There is talk of having a green curtain before it. We tried to say the artist was young, and would improve; but we saw no evidence of a Milverston Buonarroti in the present efforts. Perhaps what now aggravated those interested in him was that he should persist in painting atrocities over acres of canvas, when he could really paint delicious little pictures of a less ambitious order. I have seen exquisite bits of the cow-[illegible] scenery: the brooks seem to flow, the shadows of trees in water in the afternoons; woody nooks, where you might almost fancy you hear the dairy-women [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and gray with antiquity, are the fruits of his safer hours.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] street-figures and rustic women he can render to the life; but when his inspirations run mad, he paints high-art subjects, such as I have described, for fame; and for the church, and by portraits, that he loves, and supports his poor paralyzed mother. So was it at present with him. But this is not telling about his courtship.

Harry was perpetually falling in love; he was out of one passion and into another as quickly as some [illegible] mothers who appear to estimate themselves from one tall Hessian for the sole purpose of being [illegible] to [illegible] a whole [illegible] regiment. There were of us afraid. Harry would not resist the [illegible] of a bright eye or a neat foot. Then he made sketches of all his [illegible], who [illegible] by [illegible] him. But seeing a dame now and then was a [illegible] sense, for he could always supply her place at a day or two; there [illegible] never was a man before or since who met with so many goddesses in ordinary [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

cannot endure a mother-in-law. And—and, Davie, yesterday I saw a suspicious little boy about ten years old; I could be certain I heard him call Hannah 'ma' as I went in; but she laughed it off. I cannot find out either where her money is lodged. Altogether I don't like the look of things. That boy is as like Hannah as one pin is like another. What shall I do?"

This was a delicate case to advise on, and Davie was mute.

"I'll catch the influenza, and go to bed, and stay there till the boy is accounted for. The day must be put off; manage it for a poor fellow, Cleverboots."

Davie did not relish his office, but he understook to break the ice; and Harry kept his bed ten days, his friends relieving guard over him, lest any of the family from over the way should come in. During the interval the school holidays began, and more suspicious little boys came to light—five in all. Hannah, the blit e and buxom, was an Irish widow, and these were her promising offspring.

One of them, stimulated by elecampane, pointed out his mother to Davie, who instantly went and harrowed up the feelings of his imprisoned friend, by a relation of the facts the boy had told. Harry groaned; so extensive a family was an undertaking even his love for the mother could not cover. He furnished Davie with powers to the extent of a fifty pound bank-note to negotiate a truce and a separation of interests.

But Hannah wept, scolded, threatened; she had letters and verses sent her two or three times a day by the recusant which would support her cause in any court of law in the kingdom, and he should learn that a weak, unprotected woman was not to be trifled with and trodden upon with impunity.

Davie brought all the battery of his eloquence to bear upon the family now collected in deadly array against him; but they had taken their stand on the law, and were not to be moved. He asked, would twenty pounds compromise the matter? The mother said no. Would twenty-five? Hannah grew less hysterical and listened. It was love, not money, she said, and gasped.

Davie saw he had gained an advantage, and with a bold stroke of diplomacy, said that if twenty-five pounds be acceptable, his friends would pay it; but that deception had been practiced on his confiding and magnanimous heart, and to that a just law would look.

The woman instantly closed with the bargain; and, in returning the balance to Harry, Davie told him he considered that he had got off remarkably cheap. The influenza was cured that very moment.

Harry Martinson lived a bachelor until forty-five, when he married a pretty girl "just emancipated from the back-boards and bread-and-butter," and he never showed better taste than in making that selection.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.—I once had an experience which proved to me that there is honor among thieves (says a traveler). It happened several years ago in a little town. When retiring to bed in the hotel one night at the usual time, I placed my watch and pocket-book under the pillow. After having been asleep for some time, I was awakened by hearing a strange noise in the room.

You can imagine that I was considerably startled at beholding a man with a handkerchief tied over his face standing by my beside. In his hand was a dark lantern, which he turned full in my face.

He did not give me much time to think, but in a gruff voice demanded my watch and money. I don't know whatever put the idea into my head, but endeavoring to appear as calm as possible, I said—

"If I tell you exactly where they are, will you promise not to molest me, and leave me to finish my sleep?"

"Well, you are cool, I must say," he replied; "but you just tell me where your valuables are, and I will promise not to harm you, and leave you in peace."

"I will take you at your word," said I. "My watch is at the jeweler's, being repaired, and every penny I have is locked up in the landlord's safe downstairs."

He stared at me a minute or two, as though trying to tell by my face if I had spoken the truth. It must have convinced him, for, muttering something which I did not catch, he turned on his heel, and walked out of the room without a word.

Urim and Thummim.

BY DE CHATELAIN.

A RICH miser having died without making a will, as he grudged spending any money in lawyer's fees, his property devolved to his next of kin, a cousin whom he seldom saw, and whom he cared for still less. The heir, a man of about forty, who had already run through one fortune, now took possession of the miser's estate with great inward satisfaction, which, however, he concealed under a decent show of mourning for the deceased.

Among the personal property left by the latter, there were odds and ends of all kinds, gathered throughout the course of a long life, and among other things a collection of minerals, which he had probably taken in exchange for some bad debt. The heir sentenced the whole collection to the hammer, with the exception of a couple of transparent stones, mounted in gold rims like a pair of spectacles, and labelled "Urim and Thummim," which he found in a little drawer of a cabinet, containing different mineralogical specimens.

These spectacles he put by as an odd looking piece of antiquity, and not knowing the meaning of the name affixed to them, he asked many persons what the words Urim and Thummim were in intended to convey? Nobody, however, could tell him, till at last he happened to apply to a curiosity dealer, a Jew, who informed him that these mystic words signified "lights and perfections," and were parts of the ornaments worn on the pectoarl of the High Priest among the Hebrews, in former times.

Having once ascertained this, the heir was much too busy with the pleasing cares and duties devolved upon him, in consequence of his altered fortune, to think any more of the Urim and Thummim for many months. He had purchased and fitted up a splendid mansion to live in; and being under the persuasion that gratitude, or at least the appearance of gratitude, is a gentlemanly sort of virtue that tells well, he had simultaneously erected a mansion for the dead—a splendid marble mausoleum, to wit—to cover his cousin's remains, and emblazon his questionable virtues in a pompous inscription, chronicling at the same time the fact of his having raised this tribute to "departed worth," as the lying tablet designated the sordid old miser.

At the end of eighteen months, the mausoleum was completed. It stood on an elevated knoll it the cemetery; and as its dazzling white marble stood out in relief on the background of dark yews that fringed the garden of some other rich dead man, (the heir had not thought of planting a garden round his cousin's grave, flowers being the fragile but tender memorials of real grief,) it looked majestic and grand, but cold as death itself, and not awakening any of those feelings that a simple mound, covered with violets, is apt to excite in the bosom of even an indifferent beholder.

Previously to showing the monument to his friends, the rich heir went to visit it, in company with the stonemason who had been entrusted with its erection, and who pointed out all its beauties with a parent's partiality, commenting on the beauty of the Carrara marble, by way of deprecating the large total of the bill, which he took this opportunity of presenting to his patron. The rich man scarcely glanced at its contents; and, saying he would send a check for the amount, nodded patronizingly to the stonemason, and walked away, to take a turn round the cemetery, which he had never visited before.

Presently, as he stood between two graves, surrounded by little gardens, he caught sight of a pretty vista of the distant landscape, through an opening in the shrubs, that formed a frame to the living picture; but being rather short sighted, and wishing to ascertain the nature of some object beyond his scope, he sought for his spy-glass to assist him, when he discovered he had left it at home. Just at that moment he recollected the Urim and Thummim, which had slept quietly in his pocket-book for so long a period; and, thinking that, as they were spectacles after all, they might assist him, he drew them forth and looked through them. The face of nature remained much the same as when seen by the naked eye; but, on casting his looks toward one of the graves beside him, he was startled to read—"This stone is desecrated by covering the dust of a sot and a gambler, who never benefitted any human being, and least of all his wife, whom I had the misfortune to be."

Then, on a second stone, close to the first, he read, with equal astonishment—"Here lies my second husband, who was no better than the first, and whom I buried under the same stone, both for economy, and to join like unto like."

In a state of utter bewilderment, the rich man glanced a little further on at the sumptuous monument to a public magistrate, and read—"Here lies one who has hung many a better man than himself."

Then his eye fell on the slab erected by a father over his son's remains, containing this astounding assertion—"It is well the scapegrace cheated the hangman by dying before he disgraced his respectable father."

Another tomb, erected by a sister to a departed sister, stated—"Now she is up there amongst angels, I'm no longer jealous of her beauty."

The rich heir thought he must be in pandemonium, or in a cemetery planned by lunatics, and instinctively removed the spectacles from his eyes, when the graves seemed all breathing of love and propriety; and he repersused the corrected edition thus—"Sacred to the memory of the most exemplary of men, who was the benefactor of the human kind, and the very best of husbands, to me, his loving wife!"

The inscription on the twin tombstone ran thus—"Beneath the same stone lies my second husband, equally excellent with the first, whose remains I have mingled with his, that this plot of ground might contain all that was dear to me. Dust unto dust, and the good side by side with the good!"

On looking at the third grave, he read—

"Here lies the most equitable of judges!"

The fourth grave, too, belied its former assertion, saying, pitcously—"He was too good for earth, and was removed to a better world, to the inexpressible grief of his loving father."

And lastly, the jealous sister spoke thus appropriately of her sainted sister—"The fairest flower on earth has ceased to gladden our eyes, and become an angel in heaven!"

"What cursed hypocrites!" exclaimed the rich heir, indignantly. "Is it possible the living dare to desecrate God's acre by such lying, fawning epitaphs? But stay," added he, grasping at the papers in his pocket; "do these confounded spectacles only show up the falsehoods on tombstones?"

So saying, he glanced at the first paper he happened to open, which was the bill for the mausoleum, the last item in which was, "Fanciful extras, only charged to the ostentatious rich!" but on removing the Urim and Thummim, the same entry consisted of a number of technical words, perfectly plausible to the initiated.

"Ha, ha, master stonemason!" cried he, reddening with anger; "this item shall be struck out before we settle."

He next opened a letter from a young lady, of whom he was deeply enamored. Like most monied men, his favorite chimera was to be loved for his own sake. A mist almost floated before his eyes, as he sought one of the most tender passages of her epistle; then the mist cleared away, and through these uncompromising spectacles, he read, "I accept your house, and grounds, and pin-money in marriage, and will cherish them most fondly."

"Death and fury!" exclaimed he, tearing up the letter into shreds; "what a world is this we live in!"

And then he rushed rather than walked towards the mausoleum he had raised to his departed cousin, where he read on the tablet—"To the memory of a miser who does not deserve to be remembered, the only beneficient act of whose life was his death, which caused his property, that he would fain have taken with him, to devolve to his cousin, who erected this monument to his own vanity."

"How dared the stonemason not only cheat me in his bill, but expose to the world——" began the indignant heir, when taking off the spectacles, he found the inscription had resumed its former demure character. "Ay—it's all right now again," added he. "These confounded spectacles nearly put me out of conceit with the world."

And so saying, he flung away the Urim and Thummim, far away down the hill, where they became embedded in the clay soil; and left the cemetery, without owning to himself that he was quite as great a hypocrite as those he had censured through the aid of those spectacles of truth.

The Candidate.

BY A. W. C.

"INSURE me a brass band, and I'll insure your election," was the musical reply of a "wireworker," to a question from an aspiring political candidate, as to the proper means to secure his election. And so widely, during the last election, was music called in to aid oratory, that his answer serves as a good endorsement to the poet's note that

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,

and attractions to—"go to the polls and vote early."

The forty-horse power of music on elections being thus settled by common consent, leads us to believe that "too much credit cannot be awarded" (style of expression sanctioned by usage!) to the Kentuckian who faced his political opponent's music as follows:—

"Both were candidates for the office of Governor of Kentucky, and "stumped" the State together quite harmoniously, until they reached one of the counties in the "hill country." Here it was necessary to make a decided demonstration, and accordingly the two candidates fairly spread themselves to catch all the votes possible—scaring up the American eagle, and calling down the shade of Washington; pitching out profuse promises, and pitching into each other's party politics, in a manner decidedly refreshing to their hearers. On the first day's canvas, victory hung suspended by the tail feathers over the rival forces, but the second day fell slap into the lap of the shortest and stoutest candidate, who, we may premise here, was left-handed, leaving his long and lean opponent "no kind of a show." In vain the long man pumped up the waters of eloquence and poured out a full stream; there was nobody to drink. But round the short man elbowed and crowded a mass of thirsty voters, drinking in his tones with delight. Why this attraction? Had he a barrel of old Bourbon? No; he had a fiddle! Getting the start of long man, he had addressed the voters in a short speech, and then, for the first time, bringing out a fiddle, retired a short distance from the speaker's stand, in order to let his opponent reply, playing, however, such lively airs, that he soon drew the entire assemblage away, and left the other side of the question unattended to, unheard.

For three days in succession short man and the fiddle carried the day, in three successive mass meetings, in as many towns in the hill country, and long man's chances for a single vote in those parts grew remarkably slim. In vain a long consultation was held by the latter with his political friends.

"Get the start of him at the next meeting and speak," advised one.

"Raise a fiddle and play them chooses!" said another.

"Yell him down," shouted a third.

The long man followed the advice of his first counsellor, and got the start in voice, but the noise of the fiddle run him neck and neck; he would have listened to his second monitor and raised a fiddle, only he knew it would fall through, as he could not scrape a note; and as for his third adviser, he told him him that "yelling down" short man was "simply ridiculous."

Affairs grew desperate with long man, when, on the third meeting, he saw, as usual, the entire crowd of voters sweeping off after short man and his fiddle, leaving only one hearer, and he a lame one, who was just about to hobble off after the others.

"Can it be possible that free men—citizens of this great and glorious country—neglecting the vital interests of their land, will run like wild men after cat-gut strings? Can it be possible, I say?" And the lame man, to whom long man was thus eloquently discoursing, answered, as he, too, cleared out—

"Well it can, old hoss!"

Despair encamped in the long man's face, as he watched the short man, at a distance, playing away for dear life and the Gubernatorial chair, on that "blasted" old fiddle; but suddenly a ray of hope beamed over his "rueful visage," then another ray, till it shone like the sun at midday.

"Got him now, sure!" fairly shouted the long man, as he threw up his arms, jumped from the stand, and started for the tavern, where he at once called a meeting of his political friends, consisting of the landlord and one other, then and there unfolding a plan which was to drive his rival "nowhores in no time."

The fourth meeting was held. Short man addressed the crowd with warmth, eloquence and brevity, vacating the stand for his adversary, and striking up a lively air on the violin, in order to quash his proceedings; but, though as usual, he carried the audience away, he noticed that they were as critical as numerous. One six footer, in homer-spun, walnut dyed clothes, with wild looking eyes, and a coonskin cap, eyed every movement of the fiddle bow with intense disgust, finding utterance at last, in—

"Why don't you fiddle with that t'other hand o' yourn?"

"T'other hand!" shouted a chorus of voices. "Fire up with that t'other hand!" Faster played the short man, but louder and louder shouted the crowd, "T'other hand, t'other hand!"

"Gentlemen, I assure you—"

"No more honey, old hoss. We ain't h'ars!" shouted the man with the coonskin cap.

"T'other hand, t'other hand!" yelled the crowd; while even from the distant stand where the long man was holding forth "to next to nobody" for listeners, seemed to come a faint echo, "T'other hand, t'other hand!"

Short man began to be elbowed, crowded, pushed; in vain he tried to draw the bow; at one time his bow-arm was sent up to the shoulder over the bridge, at another, down went the fiddle, until he shouted out—

"Gentlemen, what can I do but assure you that—"

"T'other hand!" roared coon skin, shouldering his way face up to the short man, "we've heard about you! You fiddle down thar in that darned Blue grass country, 'mong rich folks, with your right hand, and thenk when you git up in the hills 'mong pore folks, left hand fiddlin's good enuff for them: you've cussedly missed it! Left-hand doins wont run up hyar; tote out your right, stranger, or look out for squalls!"

The short man looked out for squalls, threw down the fiddle and the bow, oh! oh!—jumped on his horse and put a straight horse-tail between him and his enraged fellow citizens."

"It's a fact," says the long man, "my opponent's being left-handed, rather told against him up in the hill country, and whoever circulated the story up there, that he always fiddled with his right hand down in the Blue-grass country, headed off his music for that campaign."

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Our Young Folks.

THE POWDER-MONKEY.

BY A. T. S

"WE'LL play at soldiers."

Nellie clapped her hands, at which Tom frowned severely.

"You can't play, Nellie, 'cos you are only a girl. Girls can't play boys' games."

"Oh, Tom, I could 'tend to be a boy."

"No, you couldn't. Soldiers have to be made of the real stuff, or they are no good at all. Father said so."

"Couldn't I be a powder-monkey, Tom?" she suggested wistfully. "You and Fred could be officers, and I'd be your powder-monkey. Do let me," seeing signs of wavering in the boys' faces.

"All right," said Tom. "She can be the powder-monkey, I'll be the general, and you'll be the captain. I'll wear the old helmet we have for charades, and you can have the tea-cosy, Fred. It will look just as well, you know."

Fred was not so sure of that.

"I ought to have the pistol, then."

Tom looked at the pistol regretfully. There was only one, and it looked very splendid; but the helmet looked splendid too, so he said, "All right," especially as he now felt entitled to the one sword they possessed.

"We'll go out now, and have a campaign in the field. But you must have a keg, Nellie; powder-monkeys always have kegs."

"What is a keg?" asked Fred and Nellie.

"Oh, a kind of barrel," said Tom vaguely.

Nellie looked troubled. The only barrel she could think of was the rain-barrel in the back-yard, and she could not carry that. Fred looked at Tom, and Tom looked round the room.

"I have it!" he cried. "The coalscuttle! It will just do. We'll take out all the coal, of course. A jolly good thing that nurse has a headache!"

Three pairs of hands were soon as black as a sweep's; but the coal was all neatly piled up in a corner, and that was the chief thing.

"Come along now," said Tom.

He walked to the window and threw it wide open, then drew himself up very straight and looked back at his followers.

"Soldiers, advance! Left, right! Left, right." Away they went across the lawn, the general in front with his big helmet down on his chubby nose, a scarf round his waist and sweeping the ground behind; the captain next, pistol in hand, the red tea-cosy well at the back of his head; and last, the powder-monkey, bravely struggling with the coalscuttle, which wobbled painfully from side to side, and trying at the same time to hold her nose well in the air, in imitation of the general.

The field was reached at last—a beautiful wide field with shady walnut-trees at one end.

The general called a halt, and looked round for the best point of attack.

"Soldiers," he said impressively, "the Zulus are upon us! There is no time to lose. They are lurking in those trees yonder.

"We must charge at once," continued the general, waving his arm enthusiastically. "Britons never will be slaves. Rule, Britannia. Quick march!"

Oh, it was splendid. Such a charge they made, the general waving his sword and shouting encouragment, the captain clicking his pistol, and the coalscuttle wobbling more painfully than ever. The captain seemed to be everywhere at once.

"Powder—more powder!" he cried, and the powder-monkey dashed up valiantly and scooped out imaginary powder from the depths of the coalscuttle and stuffed it into the end of the pistol much as if she were filling a pipe. This was a slight mistake and the captain knew it, but there was no time to lose. The Zulus were coming on again, and——

Ah! what was this? Something black, with fiery eyes and stamping feet, coming towards them through the trees.

The powder-monkey screamed and dropped her coalscuttle, the captain turned and fled, the general became white to the lips.

"It's Farmer Rudge's bull, Nell! Come on!" He seized her hand, and they ran for their lives, right across the sunny field, with the headless dandelions scattered round. And all the time the stamping behind them came nearer and nearer.

Nellie's breath came short and quick.

"I can't run any more, Tom. You go on."

She loosened her hand from his and fell behind. Tom ran on, a great sob in his throat. He had left his little sister behind, left her to face that awful bull, alone. He looked back. Nellie was running still, but more slowly, her golden hair flying in the wind, her eyes wide and terrified, and the bull was so near—oh, so near!

Tom ran back.

"Run, Nell, run," he cried. "If you can't do anything else, you must face a bull," his father had said, and Tom faced it that day. There was a singing in his ears and a blackness before his eyes, but he stood firm. The bellowing and stamping grew louder and louder, and seemed to be all round him and over him and under him. And then there was a great shouting of men and many voices speaking all at once, and someone took Tom in his arms and father's voice said, "Well done, my boy!"

* * * * * *

"But I wasn't brave at first, father," Tom said that evening; "I left Nellie behind.

"Yes, but he came back for me," said Nellie in her clear treble; "and that was much harder."

And the coalscuttle? Well, they had to get a new one. The bull took a fancy to the old one, and made a hole in it.

"THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK."—It was a very funny thing, but one day a handsome silver thimble and a nutmeg grater happened to find themselves lying side by side on one of the shelves of the dresser in a gentleman's kitchen.

"We do not want any fine misses here," grumbled the nutmeg grater, who was a bit of a bully, and greatly objected to his snug warm corner being intruded on.

"I am sure," said the thimble tearfully, "I did not come of my own account. Mrs. Cook put me up here."

"Well, be off with you, anyhow!" answered the nutmeg grater angrily.

"But you know I can't possibly move without help," rejoined the thimble; then she added, plucking up a little spirit, "neither can you."

The nutmeg grater looked a little abashed, for this was quite true of both of them.

Hours passed away, and the poor thimble felt very uncomfortable. She was accustomed to a neat work-basket and good society in the housekeeper's room. And then, there was such a strong smell of onions in the kitchen; and cook was very fussy and red in the face, getting dinner ready. Oh! it was all very tiresome and unpleasant.

As for the nutmeg grater, he lay glaring angrily at the thimble, muttering sulkily with ill-humor—

"What right has she to be here, I wonder, any more than I have to be in her work-basket?"

"Why, I declare, here is my beautiful silver thimble that my lady gave me, up here on the shelf!" said the lady's maid, as she came into the kitchen to deliver a message from her mistress to the cook. "I thought I dropped it in the passage."

"So you did," said the cook. "I picked it up and put it there to remember to give it you."

"You see," said the thimble timidly to the nutmeg grater, "it was not my fault that I got here."

"No," said the nutmeg grater, thoroughly ashamed of himself; "and I ask your pardon for my rudeness."

When we see people out of their places through no fault of their own, we should act courteously, and not sneer and jeer at them; for some day we might happen to be in the same unpleasant position ourselves.

NAPOLEON'S CARRIAGE.—The carriage in which the first Napoleon made his famous retreat from Moscow, and in which he, as emperor, set out from Paris on the campaign which closed at Waterloo, is now preserved in London among the effects of the Duke of Wellington. It is a two-seated conveyance, and the top, or cover, is lined with thin sheet-iron. There is also a front curtain of iron which can be lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy, and the steps at either side silver finished and of a curious design. The rear seat was the one used by Napoleon. Under the cushions of the seat he carried blankets and pillows. The back of the front seat opens, and at the right hand forms a cupboard, in which were plates, knives, spoons, water-can, and a small fluid lamp. On the left is a small opening extending forward near the "dash board," and into which the emperor of the first nation in Europe and the military autocrat of the world was wont to extend his hands and legs in order that he might lie at full length. The blankets, pillows, spoons, knives and lamps that were used by the emperor are still preserved.

HOW THE CANARIES SPREAD IN EUROPE.—As everyone knows, the canary gets its name from the Canary Islands, whence several specimens were brought to Spain and Portugal by Prince Henry the Navigator when the fifteenth century was young. For a long time these countries kept the birds to themselves, but a ship containing some happening to be wrecked off Elba in the sixteenth century, the birds flew to the island. Here they became very numerous, and in due course made their way to Italy. Then they spread to Tyrol and thence to the Harz district in Germany, where great care was taken to rear and preserve them, and which is now the headquarters of the best singers in Europe. In its wild state, the color of the bird is a grayish-greenish yellow. The bright cheerful yellow that we know is the result of the songster's leading a caged life.

LACKADAISICAL Youth: "You do me an injustice to call me idiotic because I let my hair grow so long. I do it intentionally to accentuate my individuality." Man: "Then I take back what I said. It's not idiocy, but malice."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Canada is an Indian word meaning "collection of huts."

Beggars are promptly arrested in Vienna if caught begging in the streets.

Out in Walton, in Kansas, a church festival was postponed on account of a dance.

The cattle-lifting tiger does not kill for sport, and is satisfied with one bullock a week.

Germans are the most prone to suicide; the Irish and negroes rarely resort to self-destruction.

A Hebrew Bible in the Vatican weighs 330 pounds, and is the largest Bible in the world. It is all manuscript.

In China, which has long been known as "the land of opposites," the dials of clocks are made to turn around, while the hands stand still.

Most of the numerous temples throughout China are painted red. Everything lucky and pleasant among the Chinese is of vermilion color.

Many of the pleasure gardens and castles of the Japanese nobles are now turned into parks and schools, and used for other public purposes.

The Japs heat their rooms by means of a square hole in the middle of the floor, which is filled with coals, over which a blanket is hung horizontally.

As an indication of how the slave trade survives in Africa, it is stated that last summer a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco.

Salt as a taxable commodity or as a Government monopoly, is a source of permanent revenue in Oriental nations, while in Abyssinia and Thibet salt has been used as money.

In their native haunts tigers are divided into three classes, the game-killer, the cattle-lifter and the man-eater. The latter is almost always an aged beast, whose teeth and claws are no longer serviceable.

Toronto suffers so much in certain months of the year from an influx of tramps that the authorities have decided to form a labor colony, so that in future loafers will have the alternative of working or starving.

In a New York public school are two hand rails along the stairs, one in the usual place on the top of the balustrade and the other at about half of the height of the balusters; a hand rail for little children as well as one for children of larger growth.

Fear of robbery is ever present with the officials of the Bank of France, and every day when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar masons who are in waiting at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. The cellar is then flooded with water.

Golf, in the report of the Chinese officials, sent to investigate the game as it has been taken up by the English communities in China, is the chase of a little magic bullet with clubs. The bullet, when the players get power over it, disappears into a small hole.

A careless scrubber in the gallery of the House of Representatives, in Washington, punched a mop handle through the big portrait of the late Chief Justice Marshall and tore a hole eight inches long in the canvas. It was painted by R. N. Brooks, of Washington, in 1880.

Only two strikes were ever known to occur in Turkey. One was of dockyard laborers in the Government employ for arrears in pay, and the other was of cigarette makers in Government factories for the exclusion of women. The dockmen got their money, and the women were turned out.

Seven miles an hour is the camel's best pace; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is about five miles an hour—a slow, lounging pace, beyond which it is dangerous, with nine camels out of ten, to urge them, or else, as Asiatics say, they "break their hearts" and die "literally" on the spot.

A CATTLE "ROUND-UP."

THERE are many novel sights to be witnessed by a stranger "out West," of which one of the most interesting is undoubtedly a "round up," or assembling of a vast herd of cattle at some fixed rendezvous on the prairie for branding or other purposes. The most important round-up takes place in the spring of the year. About the end of April or beginning of May several cattlemen in one district combine, and, with their bands of cowboys, ride forth over the surrounding country, driving all the cattle they find into one large herd. These animals frequently wander over seventy or eighty miles from their original starting-point, and this often makes the work of gathering them together a long business, lengthening from weeks to months if the area of country to be covered is extensive.

The riders have a hard time of it, as they almost live in their saddles during the cattle-drive, and it is extraordinary how the small-limbed "bronchos" can stand the constant strain of work. By day, the cowboys scour the prairies, hunt the woods, creek bottoms, and mountainous ravines, for stray beasts; and even when night comes on and a halt is made, the herd has to be guarded by horsemen, who are stationed round them like sentinels. Even the fortunate riders whose turn it is to rest lie down to sleep on the ground without divesting themselves of any clothes, nor dare they unsaddle their horses, lest the cattle should stampede. A stampede in a large herd is very dangerous. A thunderstorm may cause it, although sometimes there seems no possible reason to assign for it; but a panic suddenly seizes the whole herd, and they break away with a mad rush which the cowboys are powerless to control. On they thunder for miles, making the prairie tremble under their hoofs, until their wild career is checked by a river or some formidable obstacle, which enables the pursuing cowboys to overtake them and reduce them to order again.

"Milling" is another strange performance in which cattle sometimes indulge, and in trying to stop this, a cowboy often risks his life, and many lose it. Quite suddenly an animal begins to move round and round; at once, another follows it, then two or three more, until, in a few minutes, a large number of beasts are rushing round in a comparatively small circle. Faster and faster they go, until some animal, unable to keep up the pace, and pressed on from behind, falls, and is quickly trampled beneath the tread of the others. Another is borne down, and yet another, while the cowboys do their best to break the circle. Lariats fly through the air; and at last several of the frenzied creatures are successfully roped and dragged out of the melee, and the "mill" is stopped. But, as the cattle move away, there are quite a number of dead and dying beasts left on the ground, who have fallen in this extraordinary performance, and had no chance to rise again. "Ever Ready" has to be the motto of every western cowboy, and, as a rule, he is found prepared for any emergency that may happen.

A "grub wagon," containing food, accompanies every round-up; and the camp cook has no easy task of it at times to satisfy the different tastes of so many.

Day after day the herd moves on, increasing its numbers all the time. The cattle are at last massed together under the shadow of the big red rock, and the riders indulge in a short rest while waiting for the stragglers to come up.

And now most of the stragglers have come up, and the work begins of separating the cattle of the different owners into smaller herds and groups. The cowboys display marvellous cleverness in extricating any selected animal from the general mass, dashing into the thick of the herd, and, though the animal they want may dodge them for a short time, it cannot long evade them, and is driven forth.

When the last calf is branded and the number of the herd calculated, the round-up is over, and the cattle are allowed to disperse. They move slowly away, scattering as they go; and many will gradually find their way back to the distant ranges whence they have been driven. The paying-up and disbandment of the cowboys is often followed by their spending a riotous time in the nearest mining camp.

When the round-up is over, many small settlers, who are possessed of easy consciences where honor is concerned, sally forth, hoping to come across some calf or two-year-old which may have escaped the branding iron, and these, if met with, they do not hesitate to run quietly into their corrals and clap on their own brand, although they probably have a good idea whose property it is. These unbranded cattle are called "mavericks."

WOULD YOU LIVE LONG?—"What a magnificent piece of advice is contained in the five words, 'Be moderate in all things,'" said a well-known Bristol physician who fell into conversation with the writer one day recently. "Why, it is the whole key to health and physical perfection.

"The average man, left to himself, is prone to overdo or underdo things. He rarely seems to strike the proper medium. As a rule, he eats and drinks too much or too little; and in the matter of exercise, either tires himself to a condition of lassitude or takes none at all.

"Now, if we look at men who have lived long lives and yet at advanced ages have still enjoyed splendid health, we almost invariably find that such a state of things has been the direct result of a regular and moderate mode of living.

"Many examples will, of course, occur to you. One and all of these would tell you that moderation in all things has had a great deal to do with this result. Careful eating and drinking and judicious and regular exercise, in which they have indulged not too much, but just enough, have always characterized these men throughout their lives.

"If, then, you are desirous of living a long life and of retaining your physical health and mental perfection throughout your days, I cannot do better than to recommend you to be moderate in everything that you do."

HOW WAS IT?—Not every one in the world has a great-grandfather, but little Gracie had one, and she was very fond of him, too. She liked to study the network of wrinkles in his kind, withered old face; and, above all things, she delighted to sit in his lap and hear him discourse on the Good Book, from Adam to John.

One evening he was telling her about the flood and Noah and his steam yacht, "so very, very long ago." To little Gracie a definite period of time earlier than her great-grandfather's birth was inconceivable so she asked:

"Were you with Noah in the ark, grandpa?"

"No, dear, I wasn't."

Gracie looked puzzled. "Well, then," asked, "why weren't you drowned?"

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

TELL HIM; OH, TELL HIM!

BY A. J. G.

Tell him! oh, tell him! The low tender music
Breathing wonderful chords by his masterly skill—
Tell him, again I live over their sweetness,
Hearing in fancy the melody still.

Lend me your wings, oh sweet-throated songster,
Lend me your wings till I hie me away,
For glad would I fly and hover above him,
To watch the white fingers which gleam as they play.

Nay? Then bear ye the message, and you too, ye night-wind,
Go breathe through his casement a sighing so faint
That none save the ear of the player could catch it,
Or hear in its murmur a maiden's low plaint.

Tell him there woke, by the breath of his music,
A joy that is kin to a feeling of pain,
For the song has been sung, and the playing is ended,
While my ear listens yet for the sweeter refrain.

EMPEROR WORSHIP.

WHAT was the origin of the worship of the Roman emperors? Was it a simple product of the Græco-Roman religious worship, and can the successive steps which made such a religious innovation necessary be pointed out? Was it, on the contrary, a foreign importation, received by a population which had reached a point in civilization that allowed such a worship to be accepted? Or was it the child of the mental anarchy of the Græco-Roman world, at a period when the ideas of the East had penetrated the West, though in a limited degree? Finally, was this worship a spontaneous movement, or was it the official product of the political world? The solution of these questions is of no little importance for a proper understanding of the mental condition in regard to religion of the minds of the ancients, at the time when Christ appeared on the earth.

Some attempts have been made to answer the questions we have put, but nothing has appeared so thorough and so every way excellent as a work just published by the Abbe Beurlier, the most learned man in France in respect to Græco-Roman antiquity.

In the opinion of Doctor Beurlier, the worship of the emperors was essentially Oriental. Unknown in Greece until after the death of Philip, his son, Alexander, began to see its importance and the profit to be drawn from it by the masters of Asia. Influenced by Oriental ideas, he was the first who was willing to receive divine honors. After his death worship of him survived, and was maintained for centuries. His successors who ruled Egypt and Asia established firmly the worship of the kings. Such a worship had the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ. Syria rendered divine honors to its kings, and the Romans found there a regularly organized religious system of that kind with its temples and its priests. The inhabitants of these Oriental countries had been so long accustomed to offer homage to their sovereigns that the Roman proconsuls soon received divine honors. The Roman emperors recognized the profit to be gained by such customs, and established in the West a like institution.

If this explanation of Doctor Beurlier be historically true, it nevertheless appears to us insufficient. Such an institution could not have been established by the emperors, unless there had been a certain mental state of the Western population which accepted such practices.

This emperor-worship, at first timid, was reserved solely for dead emperors, adoration of whom had been decreed by the Senate. Aurelian extended the worship to living emperors. As the cult advanced, Asia acquired a greater influence over the West. It was no longer the ideas of Greece which ruled the Occidentals, but those of the Semitic races, with their strange and suspected religions.

The emperors who had been deified had their feast-day which was the day of their birth, and their names had a place in the calendar like those of the gods. On this feast-day there were sacrifices, games, and gifts to the poor.

One thing which aided in starting and keeping up the worship of the emperors, was that to maintain it there were created dignified and lucrative offices, which the ambitious were anxious to fill. You can always count on human vanity, and all religions and sects have reaped a profit from it.

Thus the quite Oriental cult existed and prospered until the end of the second century. It was permitted by the state of civilization in the West. In a polytheistic world, where but a small number of lettered persons possessed scientific notions fetichism and anthropomorphic worship were the only things possible. The great mass of the people, trembling before phenomena which they could not explain, tried to create incessantly powerful divinities to increase their own safety and preserve them from the evils these phenomena might cause. The Aryan race had created, almost spontaneously, a popular cult, the worship of heroes; after that came the worship of ancestors; by degrees there was reached an adoration of those who appeared all-powerful. These popular apotheoses, often born suddenly, without reflection, were replaced by another of an official nature and which required canonization. One step remained to be taken. In the fourth century they went further, and there appeared the worship of saints.

IRISH TYPES AND TRAITS.

IN the Ireland of other days—the Ireland of Carlton and Banim—the able-bodied tramp, as we know him, scarcely existed. Wayfaring men were of a far gentler type. There were sturdy beggars, as much the pensioners of the farm-houses, as were pre-Reformation beggars of the monasteries in England. There were peddlers with packs stuffed not only with gay prints and ribbons, combs and stationery, shoe-laces and spools, but also with ballad-literature, which was learnt by heart and passed along. There was an occasional "poor scholar" questing for help to study for the priesthood; likewise the hedge-schoolmaster was a peripatetic, traveling from one house to another, royally entertained and listened to as an oracle, because of his learning. Alack! the white workhouse walls gathered them all in—all the "jolly beggars" and harmless wayfarers who entered a house with the lovely greeting "God save all here!" or passed a fellow-wayfarer with "God save you kindly!"—a greeting in vogue when I was a child, not a score of years ago.

In remote country places the old style little inn still survives. Round such fires of peat, amid brown walls and rafters, laboring men still meet to "cosher," or gossip, when they are off work; the turf smoke, sharp and penetrating, warms them, and sails off to the low skies, bluer than any smoke ever was before or since. The good woman of the house will come and listen, with arms akimbo, be the discussion on pigs or politics, and will have her say thereon; while her juvenile handmaiden, shoeless and short-petticoated, serves the customers with their brimming porter. In such a hostlery there is none of the arranged hilarity of an Engligh village tap—no clubs of friendly brothers, for your Irish certainly do not band themselves—but one will drop in and another, and there will be grave discussion; and, perhaps, the younger men, if there be a good whistler, may start a solemn-faced and graceful jig, hands in pocket, pipe between teeth. Story-telling? Oh, no! I fear all our stories and songs are dead in the workhouses.

The furniture of Irish cabins is of the poorest. A dresser, a table, some coarse crockery, a Holy Family in the gaudy tints the Irish love with Oriental fervor, a couple of stools, and the ever-useful "ferrum" (form or bench). I have heard that at wakes, when a long row of people occupy this primitive seat, the etiquette is to say to your next neighbor, as you drink: "Your health, Mrs. Murphy, and all down the furrum," which is a neat way of including many in the courtesy.

The confessional picture is what we call "a station." This is held in out-of-the-way places that are a good distance from the priest and the church. It is generally at well-to-do houses, as it is a great honor to have the station at one's house. The priest comes early in the morning, hears confessions, and then says mass. Afterwards there is a breakfast, to which the favored folk are asked with the priest. Getting to confession is not an easy thing among the Irish peasants. The old women are very jealous of "their turn." I once heard one argue with an urchin by the confessional: "What brings you here, at all, at all, in grown people's way? I'd like to know what the likes of you has to tell!" "May be more than you!" rejoined the proud possessor of a conscience, all his spirit up in arms at this aspersion of his claim to be a sinner.

K. T.

THE evils which flow from the use of intoxicating drinks are spreading wherever the hand of civilized man can reach. The selfishness which members of Christian nations allow themselves to show, in commercial transactions of this kind, is glaring and inexcusable. Callousness to suffering and to the ruin of soul and body is strikingly illustrated in the fact just stated authoritatively, that among "the spoils recently captured from an African chief were 7000 cases of Rotterdam gin."

For
Stomach
Or Liver
Troubles, Take

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills

Received
Highest Awards
At World's Fair.

After sickness, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Speaking of evening gowns, the French ladies are wearing the gowns (day ones as well) sloped off the shoulders as far as possible. This is a style becoming enough to those who happen to have prettily rounded shoulders, but, alas! for those who have not, for then it is positively ugly. At the Maison Redfern this style of waist is already "the thing," but whether it will live is quite another matter. For evening gowns it is and has for quite a little while been "au fait" to wear the sleeves of the dress as far "off" as is possible without losing one's gown altogether."

When last at Redfern's I saw a marvelous creation in the shape of a reception gown that could have been arranged nowhere but there. It made one fancy that it must have fallen with the last fall of snow, so artistic was it in its pure whiteness, composed of glimmering white satin, lavishly trimmed with white chiffon, and having big puffed sleeves of the same, while, to finish the fairy-like appearance, the sleeves and left sides were ornamented with bunches of "lilies of the valley."

There was also a remarkably novel and tasteful ball dress composed of a delicate pink silk. The new flare skirt is artistically ornamented with a tremendous bow of white moire antique, the folds of which are held in their places by little bunches of pink dog roses, while the bottom is finished with a slight insertion of lace. The waist is made in an entirely original way, and looks as though the silk were wound round and round. A small line of fine lace crosses the front, terminating in a bow behind at the waist line, while at the shoulder is a bow of the ribbon and a larger bunch of roses. The very large sleeves are draped outwards and are void of trimming; the long gloves of white suede reach just above the elbow, and finish the lovely effect of this most becoming costume.

Another was a handsome gown of ruby velvet, made with a plain skirt, very flare. The pointed corsage is slightly drawn at the waist line. An old-time "Bertha" comes from the shoulders to meet the point, while over the shoulders are about a dozen loops of ribbon, which terminate in two long ends, which are allowed to drop half way down the skirt in front. The much puffed sleeves are finished with an edging of lace corresponding with that on the "Bertha."

Embroidered batistes in the English eyelet-hole style are among the season's novelties in cotton goods. These come by the yard embroidered all over in wheel or flower designs, with scalloped edges or open-work insertion set in above the hem. Still more elegant are robe dresses of various delicate shades, with three plaited ruffles of embroidered corn batiste set in a little distance apart with a close insertion which matches the edge. The dominant note of dress trimming has been so long centered in the bodice that those skirts decorated from the hem almost to the waist are indeed an innovation. Anything among the bargains in dress goods which has a crepe effect is sure to be a safe investment for crinkled surfaces, and crepons of every known and imaginable variety are to be a distinct feature of the spring novelties. Chiffons, too, are a desirable purchase, for they are to be used in greater profusion than ever. Taffeta silks are also to be popular again, and the new ones, which will soon be open for inspection, have moire grounds, with larger flower designs than last season, and open-work embroidery is a part of their decoration. These embroidered silks combine nicely with the plain for waists or sleeves, or both. The pierced cloth brought out in the early fall was the forerunner of all this rage for English embroidery, which is to be in evidence in all our summer goods. So, for a late purchase, these cloths are perhaps more strictly up to date than the other novelties of the season.

The voluminous sleeves seems about to be cut down in its career of expansion, for the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York have declared in favor of one of more modest proportions. At a recent wedding their sleeves were perceptibly smaller, and as the English bridegroom had the courage to request a similar reduction in the size of the wedding gown, it was granted.

Any new mode of dressing the hair is sure to be interesting to all women as a possible experiment, and there is a hint that the part must go and the hair tossed lightly back from the forehead, with a Grecian knot at the back. But when fashion decrees that a certain color must reign supreme in her dominion there is trouble ahead for the few who never disobey her commands. Black is said to be the fashionable color of the moment, and the woman who has been every kind of a blonde from a pale yellow to a Titian divinity will not hesitate to appear in ebony locks.

The newest colors have a blue shade of steel called "Valkyrie," various shades of red of the American beauty rose order or color, a pinkish yellow, Gismonda purple, the "bluet" shades of blue, and shades of emerald green.

The coming summer bonnet is to be a small, flat affair, worn well back on the head, similar to the extreme evening bonnet occasionally seen at the theatre.

Flowered taffeta ribbons and artificial flowers galore are to be features of summer millinery.

White lawn lace-trimmed petticoats, cut after the umbrella pattern, giving the desired fulness around the feet, are among the leading specialties in underwear. And dainty flannel skirts are made with ruffles and insertions of open-work embroidery.

Among the novelties in neck gear is a sable collar band, with rosettes and long stole ends of lace on either side of the front.

Odds and Ends.

FASHIONABLE FANCY WORK.

Among the many methods of modern decoration, few afford greater scope for a tasteful imagination and the display of delicate and dainty design than the jeweled and spangled embroidery, which would seem to be the latest development of art needlework. This fashionable fancy work, now so popular, may lay claim to novelty, but it is nevertheless a revival of the well-know embroidery of the sixteenth and seventeenth century.

It may be classed under two heads—jeweled embroidery in which spangles are sometimes introduced and painting on silk or gauze, for which spangles and sequins are used as accessories. Spangles are more suited to slender, graceful tracery surrounding or supporting delicately painted floral wreaths, cupids, and love knots, or a group of musical instruments representing harmony. One great charm of the work is its delicacy and freshness. Care must be taken not to overload the subject with sequins, and to distribute these equally over the surface to avoid heaviness or spottiness. The leading lines, or more prominent parts of the pattern, should be carried out in gold sequins, occasionally introducing the glittering green, rich red, and electric-blue as accessories as the subject may suggest. Sometimes gold bullion thread is laid on with good effect, but this must be sparingly used unless the design is a large bold one and allows of massive work.

Tiny glass beads and jewels may be introduced with effect. Frequently a ruby or turquoise bead secures the sequin by which it is surrounded, thus having the appearance of a gem set in gold. Coral is also used in some cases, but we do not recommend a mixture of this with gems. A charming effect may be obtained by introducing small subject paintings executed on white or cream colored silk, these being subsequently applique on colored gauze. We will take, for example, a gauze hand screen, with which we are all familiar. We would suggest that the painted silk medallion should not, in this case, exceed 3 or 4 inches each way. We would recommend the finest texture of the lightest make of silk procurable, of a cream-colored shade; this should be stretched in the usual way, and delicately painted with transparent coloring. The size and shape of the medallion, be it round, oval, or perhaps heart-shaped, may be carefully traced in the centre of the gauze screen, the piece of painted silk attached to it by means of the finest possible gold silk thread, keeping carefully to the traced line. A row of small gold sequins, secured by passing the needle through a turquoise bead in the centre, may surround the painting, thus forming a frame for the little medallion. Some pretty light tracery or scroll work in applique gold thread or filoflees, introducing small gold sequins and spangles, will complete this dainty work. These remarks will, of course, apply equally to the decoration of white silk or satin. We must leave the introduction of painting to the taste of the artiste. Much will depend on the design selected. As a rule, we do not advocate any painting in a pattern where embroidery should be the chief feature.

Jewels and spangles have frequently been employed in ecclesiastical embroidery, but we confess we consider they are most suited to secular work. Sachets, photograph cases, bonbonnieres, screens, blotters, and book covers are specially adapted to this style of decoration.

Swiss Nut Cake.—The solid portion of this concoction may be made by any favorite rule for jelly or layer cake. Each householder has her own method. For the filling, cook in a double boiler one pint of milk and one cupful of sugar. Make one tablespoonful of corn-starch smooth with two tablespoonfuls of milk, pour over the sweetened hot milk, stir constantly, pour back and let it boil until cooked thick. Now draw back from the fire, let it cease to boil and beat in the yolks of three eggs or four small ones. Let it cook without boiling until it thickens but does not curdle. While it is cooling prepare a rounded cupful of hickory nut meats (butternuts would do, but a less quantity should be used, as they are rich), saving out the unbroken halves to use on the top of the cake. These nuts should not be pounded, but ground in a small mill which is used for this and similar purposes. When the filling is nearly cold, beat in the ground meats together with one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. When the cake is cold use this mixture for filling between the layers. Garnish the top with a soft icing flavored with lemon, and edge it with a beading of the half nuts. Put another row or two of nuts within the outer, if you like, but it will be sufficiently rich without that. No more toothsome cake than this was ever made.

Banana Blancmange.—Into a quart of boiling milk stir four tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with a little milk and a quarter of a cupful of sugar. When it thickens set aside to cool. When properly cold stir in a small teaspoonful of extract vanilla and two or three thinly sliced bananas.

Chartreuse Jelly.—Flavor some good lemon jelly with a little green chartreuse, and color it with a few drops of vegetable green, to make the jelly just the shade of the Chartreuse.

Without doubt the most wonderful remedy for pain is Salvation Oil. It sells for 25c.

EMBALMED BY THE SOIL.—Human bodies buried in limestone countries are often turned to solid stone by the lime-water which penetrates the graves. In other soils there are elements which sometimes so embalm the buried dead as to preserve form and features unchanged. Many such cases are on record. Robert Burns' body was disinterred in 1815, to be removed to a new tomb. To the surprise of all his friends, the features were found to be as perfect as at burial.

The case of John Hampden, the famous English patriot and leader, was more surprising. His body was disinterred by Lord Nugent, two hundred years after burial, but form and features were as unchanged as if the corpse had been recently laid in the grave.

When General Washington's body was taken up at Mount Vernon, to be laid in a sarcophagus and removed to the permanent tomb, his face was found to be in a state of perfect preservation.

In all these cases, however, the process of decay had gone on internally, though arrested at the surface. After a brief exposure the body crumbled, and all resemblance to life passed away.

THERE is something higher in politeness than Christian moralists have recognized. In its best forms, as a simple, out-going, all-pervading spirit, none but the truly religious man can show it; for it is the sacrifice of self in the little habitual matters of life—always the best test of our principles—together with a respect, unaffected, for man, as our brother under the same grand destiny.

Grains of Gold.

A sin repeated puts out the eye of conscience.

Wherever there is ingratitude there is selfishness.

The pleasures of sin are only pleasures for a season.

What to-morrow is to be human wisdom never learns.

We are sure to enjoy much when we are thankful for little.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to heaven.

The world gives no pleasures without giving burdens with them.

Give because you love to give—as the flower pours forth its perfume.

The lazier a man is the greater things he is going to do when to-morrow comes.

Make your life a ministry of love, and angels will take an interest in your work.

Satisfy one desire, and you will find that it has brought a large and hungry family along.

If people would only stop talking where they stop knowing, half the evils of life would come to an end.

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should never grow old.

Wicked men in time of sore trouble seek advice and counsel from good men, but as a rule, good men do not seek counsel of wicked men.

Such is the effect of refinement and affability of manners, when blended with intelligence and virtue, that prepossessions are at once enlisted in favor of those who are so pre eminently endowed.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him was never worth the sacred name of a friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

Many prominent citizens and officials recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Femininities.

Camphor placed next to furs will make their color lighter.

Women gladly take exercise, even if it's only jumping at conclusions.

The best way to clean bamboo furniture is with a brush dipped in salt and water.

Fashionable Japanese young ladies, when they desire to look attractive, gild their lips.

Small house filters, unless frequently changed or cleaned, are rather harmful than useful.

The three women members of the Colorado Legislature will sit with hats on during its sessions.

In Eastern Bengal a will cannot be made in favor of a man, and the property only descends through the women.

Angry husband: "I'm sorry I married you." Angry wife: "Well, I'm sure I never asked you to." Husband is speechless.

Out of 1000 men who marry, 332 marry younger women, 579 marry women of the same age, and 89 marry older women.

It is hard to say which will bring the more pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her that her baby is heavy or her bread light.

She, haughtily: "I beg your pardon, sir; you have the advantage of me." He, jauntily: "I should say I had. I am the fellow you jilted ten years ago."

Before we allow ourselves to find fault with any person behind her back, we should ask ourselves three questions. 1. Is it true? 2. Is it kind? 3. Is it necessary?

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Younghusband, "I'm not myself to-day." "Then I won't speak to you, or smile at you. I might make you jealous," said Younghusband.

The Zulu lady wears her wedding-ring in her nose. A double purpose is thus served. It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she is in little danger of losing her ring.

Harry: "And, dearest, do you think of me all day long?" Dearest: "I did, Harry; but the days are getting longer now, and of course—well, you know that that must make some difference."

"I can tell your fortune and find out your future husband for you, lady," said a gipsy. "If you find him out as often as I find my present husband out," replied the lady, "I shall never marry again."

Watts: "Does your wife ever scold when you have been out lateat night with the boys?" Potts: "Oh, no, she never says a word! She gets up the next morning about four o'clock and practises on the piano, and I daren't say a word!"

Bereaved widow, to undertaker: "Have you not made a slight mistake in your bill, Mr. Mould?" Mr. Mould: "No, I think not, madam." Bereaved widow: "I see you have charged for fifteen carriages. I am quite sure there were but fourteen. I counted them on leaving the church, and also the grave."

Mrs. Secretary Carlisle is said to be the only member of Washington official society who persits in the old-time fashion of opening her dining room and offering refreshments to callers, although the other ladies of the Cabinet have abandoned the tea table. The Carlisle house is always fragrant with the flowers sent to its popular mistress.

"I am told that your husband plays poker every night at the club—plays for money, too," said an anxious mother to her married daughter. "That's all right. He gives me all his winnings." "What! Do you——" "And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor." "What difference can that make?" "Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."

Masculinities.

Governor Morton has already received nearly 8000 applications for office.

It's quite natural for a man to act like a fish out of water when he is caught.

Toledo claims the first girl victim of the cigarette habit. She died a few days ago.

Physicians declare that the most nutritious article of diet is butter, and that bacon comes next.

Wife, at midnight, to her returning husband: "How can a perfectly sober man get drunk like that?"

Which is the proudest year of a man's life? Answer—When he is forty. Because in that year he is bound to XL.

Certainly in taking revenge a man is even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon.

The harvester invented by McCormick in 1831 has been so improved that, it is said, it will cut and bind an acre of grain in forty five minutes.

Concealed in candle molds that had been unused since her grandmother's time, Mrs. White, of Middletown, Mass., found a quantity of bank notes a few days ago.

Russian journals are still in mourning for the Czar. They will continue to surround their front pages with a border of black until a year shall have elapsed from the date of his death.

Roland Reed, the actor, is said to possess the most beautiful fish service in the world. Every edible fish known to epicures is hand painted upon the different plates and properly burned in.

Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, retires from office in March after 22 years of service in the Senate, at the age of 70, poor, and with no profitable employment he can fall back upon at that time of life.

An Atlanta, Ga., man is so fond of checkers that he plays the game three hours a night six nights in the week. He has kept this up for years, sometimes paying a partner, whose time is valuable, to play with him.

"What kind of a clock is that, Jawkins? It doesn't seem to be right." "Sh-'sh! It's called the married man's delight, my boy. The hands stops at ten o'clock every evening, but the ticking goes on as loud as ever. See?"

Blackwell and Parker, rival towns, about a mile apart, were each fighting to secure the Oklahoma Central Railway. A. J. Blackwell and others of Blackwell bought every building in Parker and will remove them to Blackwell, thus settling the rivalry.

In the Isle of Man spelling is still learned by singing the spelling lessons. Some thirty years ago a Westerner went about Massachusetts giving geography lessons by the same method. The names of States, capitals, rivers, etc., were fixed in memory by a singing exercise which was quite effective. Speaking of spelling, we sometimes think that it is scarcely taught at all in this country nowadays.

A better retort is rarely heard than one made by Andrew Johnson, in a speech delivered from the steps of the White House when he was President. Some one in the audience interrupted him with the remark, "You used to make clothes!" "Well, if I did," responded Mr. Johnson, with the coolest self-possession, "didn't I make them well? Can anybody say that, when I was a tailor, I didn't make good clothes, and make them to fit?"

"Well, my fine fellow, what are you in here for?" asked a visitor of a young man in a penitentiary. "For taking something," he replied. "What do you mean?" "Why," said he, "one morning I did not feel very well, and went to see the doctor. He was busy writing at the time, and when I went in he looked at me, saying, 'Well, you do look bad; you had better take something.' He then went on with his writing, and left me standing behind him. I looked round, and saw nothing I could take, except his watch, and I took that. That's what I am here for."

Humorous.

AN INDUSTRIOUS COUPLE.

Her work with needle and with thread
Seemed all her thoughts engaging,
Which made me jealous, and I said,
"I wish you'd quit your edging."
Then when aside her work she laid,
And love I got to pledging,
My chair somehow got feet; she said,
'Now, sir, you quit your edging."

A well-rendered article—Lard.

Best expressed on tombstones—Grave sentiments.

Moaning of the tied—Matrimonial complaints.

The quarter-deck—One-fourth of a euchre pack.

An incalculable weight—The weight of indignation.

Our babies—with all their faults we love them still, not nolsy.

Moral axiom—Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Living skeleton: "What's the matter with the glass eater to-day?" Fat woman: "I hear he has a pane in his stomach."

"What barbarians these Asiatics are!" exclaimed one pugilist. "Yes," replied the other, "they are actually fighting!"

A professional philanthropist once circulated a subscription list to enable a poor woman to pay her house rent. He owned the house.

Minister: "No, Willie, you will never get ahead by telling stories." Willie: "I won't? Why, I told a story about Johnny Jones, wat's bigger'n me, an' you bet he put a head on me."

First girl: "Cholly is a nice boy, only he has so much to say." Second girl: "No, that's just where his weak point lies. He thinks he has."

"Too much self-esteem," said a colored philosopher, "gits ter be comical. Er man is boun' ter 'pear redic'lous ef he tries ter pat hiss'f on de back."

"I hear your musical recital last night was a great success. Lucky dog!" "H'mph! Five persons in the house. Lucky dog? Yes. Regular bench show."

Dolly, playing "Agitato" and loud pedal: "Just keep right on kissing me, Fred, for as long as papa hears the piano going he won't suspect anything."

Jagwell: "Do you think it was ever intended that a man should gain the everlasting affection of a woman?" Wigwag: "It looks as though he ought to have as good a chance as a pug dog."

"There's no doubt," said Mr. Dolan, "about there bein' wan great advantage in bein' born in this country?" "An' phwat's thot?" inquired Mrs. Dolan. "It saves yez the prolce of a steamship ticket over."

Mr. Whoopla: "Suppose, Dollie, I were to rob you of a kiss, what would you do?" Miss Poppinjay: "How can I tell, Mr. Whoopla, what is going to happen before it occurs. Do you think that I am a clairvoyant?"

An eccentric man, living on a farm on the edge of Rhode Island, was very averse to taking life. When asked why he didn't slaughter his fat pig, he replied, "I haven't the heart to kill it, for it seems so much like one of the family."

Little Flossie, who has seen two successful courtships: "And were the ten virgins with the lamps really the wise ones?" Mamma: "Certainly, my child." Little Flossie: "Of course, they turned them down when the bridegroom came."

"My daughter wants to be an actress. Is there no way of curing a girl of that delusion?" asked a New York man at the club of a friend who was an actor. "Nothing in the world, unless it is for her to be run over by a freight train loaded with iron."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

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Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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We secure patents and to induce people to keep track of their bright ideas we offer a prize of one hundred dollars to be paid on the first of every month to the person who submits to us the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. We will also advertise the invention free of charge in the National Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in Washington, D. C., which has an extensive circulation throughout the United States and is devoted to the interests of inventors.

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CONCERNING MESMERISM.

IT IS a curious but a common mistake to suppose," a well-known authority upon hypnotic matters to the writer, after the close of a private lecture he had delivered upon that fascinating topic of to-day, "that because a professed hypnotizer may often fail to bring about a certain condition of the senses in a 'subject,' he is therefore an incapable operator, or there is nothing genuine about the theory itself. And that mistake explains to a great extent why so many otherwise well-informed persons are utterly sceptical as to the marvelous possibilities of this science of the future.

"As a matter-of-fact, none of its most successful exponents of to-day would, or could, claim to induce a marked effect upon the senses of more than two or three 'subjects' out of five. Simply because there is a very large proportion of persons who it has hitherto been found impossible to mesmerize; and as many again, probably, who would not succumb at the first or second attempt.

"Why? You open an old question that cannot fairly be answered. Perhaps because the nervous energy of such persons is as strong as that of the operator, or because they lack some of the peculiarities of organization necessary to his success.

"Oh, yes, it must be admitted that the most essential of those peculiarities is a more or less nervous or imaginative temperament. But then, the science is comparatively in its infancy.

"Again, there is a class of people who are always sceptical with regard to facts they cannot easily grasp, and perhaps would not be convinced by any proof save that of their own personal experience. And, you see, there is every reason why such proof is never forthcoming. Such persons, if they should happen to test the 'influence' for themselves, have either intentionally or unconsciously placed themselves in a position of mental antagonism to the operator beforehand.

"Therefore the result of his efforts is—nil. They go away triumphant, and talk afterwards about the hollow trickery of the whole thing, this opinion being often confirmed by the occasional exposure of so-called mesmeric professors who have really no claim to the title.

"For instance, at the close of one of my lectures, a man came on to the platform and struck a determined attitude. 'There you are,' said he, 'I'll give you five dollars on the spot if you can mesmerize me, as you call it!" It was as I told him—he might just as reasonably expect a physician to cure him of some malady when he had resolved not to be cured beforehand.

"Ah, yes, some extraordinary psychological effects can be obtained when the capable hypnotist has a tractable 'subject' before him. By that I mean one who can bring himself to have faith in the operator, and is confidently expectant of more or less result. Such persons can often be lifted out of themselves, as it were, as completely as though their own personality had gone for the time being, and that of the operator had taken its place. Yes, practically you might term it extracting the will from the body, for, once well under such an 'influence,' the subject will never act of his own accord. In that fact you see the dangers, as well as the powers, of hypnotism.

"I have found that hysterical people, and those of a romantic or susceptible nature, may, as a rule, be easily hypnotized after a few attempts. Such persons, too, as are made to feel uneasy under an ordinary keen glance; those who are affected by good music, or anything that appeals to the senses—those, in a word, whose emotions are easily stirred.

"A useful science? Undoubtedly; as you may see from the authentic medical reports that are frequently published on the subject, both at home and abroad. Experiments in connection with disease have lately been made with a success that people of thirty years ago would have ridiculed as impossible. What further developments await discovery it remains for the future to reveal."

THE SECRET OF FASCINATION.—The secret of fascination is one which many a woman would sacrifice a good deal to learn. To cultivate a charming and an attractive manner one must begin at home; and surely a better school could not be devised, for the training is, in its way, perfection. Here one is sure to find each day little rubs which must be soothed with skilful touch; there is a constant mind-friction going on among even the most devoted members of the household. It is a painful fact, though none the less true, that one's family acts as a constant counter irritant. A steady effort to smooth over the rough places, minister to wounded hearts, and with deft touches erase unpleasant memories is called for, and the woman who obeys the summons is pretty sure to find herself fully able to cope in the most agreeable fashion with the out side world. Few women however realize that a fascination of manner is not born, but cultivated. It begins to bud in the nursery, develops under the skilful training of painstaking instructors, and blossoms forth into complete beauty in the society of well-bred women.

CRITICISM RESENTED.—The critic of an Odessa daily paper recently dealt severely with a Russian operetta company playing in that city, condemning more especially the faulty enunciation of a M. Lianoff. On the conclusion of the first act of a piece on a subsequent evening, M. Lianoff advanced to the footlights, and, addressing the unfriendly critic, who was seated in a front row, in a high tone exclaimed, "So you are the driveling idiot who said I was unable to enunciate half the syllables in any word I utter? What should you say to my pronunciation in addressing you as a dunder-headed fool?" The critic, rising very deliberately and bowing gracefully, replied, "I should say that you were drunk and incapable." A tumulous scene followed. Part of the audience and orchestra evinced a desire to lynch the offender, but the latter, protected by the police, retained his seat.

DILUTED.—It is not always necessary to attack a man with the sledge-hammer of argument to prevent him from taking a wrong path. A cleverly-turned joke often serves as well as well.

An English manufacturer, who was noted for his natural shrewdness, as well as for the good-will he bore his men, one day wanted some work done by a certain skilled workman.

Unfortunately, the man was given to drink, and a bargain was struck that, besides his wages, he should have unlimited gin and water.

"Now, mind," said the master, "you promise to drink up what I first give you before you touch a drop more."

As the work went on, the man asked for his gin.

"How much will you start with?"

"Sixpen'orth."

"Now, gin and water, mind; and you must drink it all before you drink again. Which will you have, hot or co'd?"

"Cold."

"All right. Bring me a pail of water."

It was brought, and into it the gin was poured. The man was taken aback, but he was held to his bargain, and finished the work. He went away sober, with his wages in his pocket, and—a result not to be despised—his countenance illuminated by a good-natured appreciation of the joke.

"HAVE you got a hair dye of your own?" he asked of the barber as the shears clipped off the gray locks. "I have, sir." "Do you warrant it?" "I do." "To do what?" "To make your wife so jealous of you within of six weeks that she'll put a private detective on your track." The old man said "H'm!" and the subject was dropped.

IN Mexican threatres play-goers pay for each act separately.

THE BLIND MAY SEE.

I WILL GIVE $500 TO ANY ONE

Whom I fail to cure of the worst cases of granulated sore lids, red, inflamed eyes, weak watery eyes or scrofulous sore eyes, poisoned eyes and scum over eyeballs, Snow Blindness and Wild Hairs, closure of tear-duct. My Eye Remedy banishes all pain in 24 hours. A cure in 10 to 20 days. In 31 years practice have only failed in 66 cases of the thousands I have treated, many of whom were totally blind. For the next 60 days I will send enough of my Eye Remedy to any address, by mail, to cure the worst case, for $2.50. My usual price has been from $15.00 to $35.00 for a cure. My 24 page pamphlet (illustrated) sent free, containing hundreds of wonderful cures, many of whom had been under the treatment and spent hundreds of dollars with the most skillful Eye Doctors and Oculists of Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Frankfort and Louisville.

Spent $1500 in Cincinnati.

BLIND, SCROFULOUS EYES.

RIPLEY, OHIO, Oct., 3, 1894.

Dear Doctress:—I have been troubled with my scrofulous sore eyes for several years. Went to Cincinnati and doctored with the best of physicians and they did me no good. After spending $1500.00 in Cincinnati without any benefit came home with no hope of the greatest of blessings, eye sight, ever being restored to me. I had to be led from place to place. I was told of Doctress Waterman's eye water, so I got it and was cured in a short time. Now my eyes are as good as anyone's eyes, and only hope that every body who has sore eyes will try her Eye Remedy at once. Yours,

LOUIS DRAKE.

P. S. Ripley is in my own county. Mr. Drake is one of the largest tobacco merchants in Brown county.

To those who have suffered and found no relief I can give assurance of relief and a speedy cure. My Eye Remedy is sent to you by mail, I pay the postage, and warrant each package to reach you safely. You can continue your work or business while using the remedy. Remember, I can cure you at your own home at a cost of only $2.50. I send remedy in Patent Screw-top Mailing Cases. Yours with sympathy,

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as laid.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after November 18, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor and Dining Car), daily, 9.00 a m, via L. V. R. R.
Buffalo and Chicago Express (Through Sleeping Cars), daily, 6.45 p m, 9.45 p m, via L. V. R. R.
Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.15 a m, (12.27, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.35, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 7.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m. 4.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

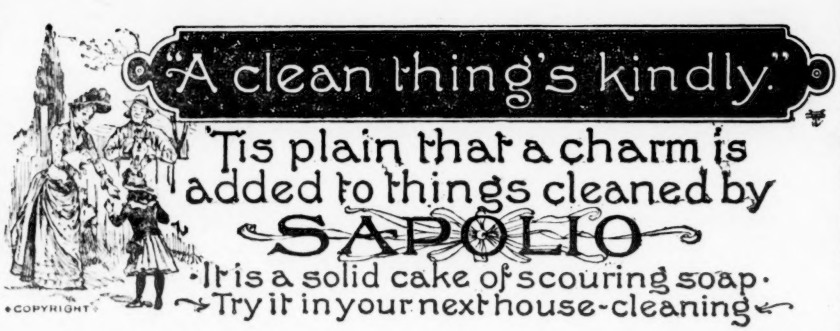
Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.


"A clean thing's kindly."
'Tis plain that a charm is added to things cleaned by
SAPOLIO
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning
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Even the little pig in the picture is a more agreeable companion than a man with a dirty collar or a woman who presides over a tawdry house. But nobody wants the reputation of being a pig under any circumstances.